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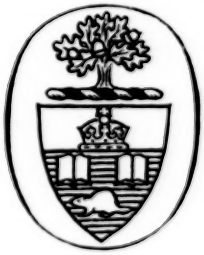

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FRANÇOIS MAURIAC AND THE CLASSICAL TRADITION

A. E. Carter

TO the pessimistic observer, the collapse of France in 1940 removed her literature from the contemporary to the historic plane. Her authors assumed something of the marble dignity of Greece and Rome—witnesses of what had been and was no longer. Other books would of course be written: something called France still existed. But the shadow of the library lay heavy upon her great writers. They had descended into the stacks, along with Virgil and Aeschylus, to be exhumed in after years by the patient scholar, curious of an age the world had forgotten. There was almost a kind of logic in it: French civilization, by its very brilliance, seemed out of place and doomed amidst the ferocious ideologies of the twentieth century; and that the worst fears were not realized is surely an extraordinary proof of the vitality of the French literary tradition. Whatever ignominy the nation may have endured during the dark period of German occupation, her literature emerges from it with added lustre. Despite censorship, persecution, and the hundred miseries of conquest, the writers of France continued throughout to hold the attention of the world. Books by Valéry and Gide were not wanting; *Le Crève-Cœur* provided the best war poetry our tremendous modern conflicts have thus far occasioned; and François Mauriac published yet another novel.[1]

Of these varied phenomena the last was in a sense the most reassuring. For a novel by Mauriac represents the unspent force of a literary doctrine which is so peculiarly French as almost to represent France herself. His work embodies that great classical tradition with its roots in the humanism of the Renaissance and the psychological realism of the seventeenth century, a tradition which M. Henri Peyre, in a recent monograph, has proposed as the finest contribution of France to European civilization.

A classical novelist is something of a contradiction in terms. The seventeenth century, it is true, and the eighteenth (still nominally "classical") produced novels: books like *La Princesse de Clèves* and *Les Liaisons dangereuses* are masterpieces of the analytic method; but they are embryonic masterpieces—if judged from the standpoint of nineteenth-century fiction. It is not surprising that the novel did not reach its full development until after the Revolution, which had made all varieties of setting and material suitable food for art. The novel, in fact, does not lend itself to the classical method; it is diffuse; even when based—as most good French novels are—upon psychological analysis, it requires the meretricious adornment of description, social criticism, atmosphere, etc., which the classical method cannot include without ceasing to be classical. In Mauriac, however, there is a spiritual affinity with the writers of the seventeenth

[1] *La Pharisienne* (Paris, Grasset, 1941).

century which enables him to assimilate the composite elements of the craft of fiction into a harmonious whole. "An author only decides to write one biography out of a thousand possible ones because he feels in harmony with the master he has chosen to write about,"[2] he notes, in the introduction to his life of Racine. He might have applied the same remark to his superb studies of Pascal and Molière. Like so many of the great writers of the seventeenth century, Mauriac received a strict Catholic upbringing, tinged with Jansenism; it sharpened his awareness of man's moral problems. The boy who prayed for his free-thinking father's salvation, who was accustomed to make a strict *examen de conscience* on the occasion of each communion, who used to watch the maskers at the Bordeaux carnival and think that they were damned, who developed (as he tells us) "a twitching of the face, a grimace, a movement of the head from right to left in order to say 'no' to sin,"[3] was eminently suited to comprehend the mystic agonies of Pascal or the remorse Racine experienced over his breach with Port-Royal. A novel by Mauriac is the result of the same spiritual conflict that produced *Phèdre* or *Les Pensées;* and therein it differs profoundly from the novels of the nineteenth century and from the novels of our time—with the exception, perhaps, of Bernanos' work. We know something more about the seventeenth century's moral turmoil now than formerly: a glance at the documents assembled in such a book as Funck Brentano's *Le Drame des poisons* is sufficient to show how very deceptive is the tranquillity of its neo-classic façade. The Corinthian orders of the chapels, the marble, the stucco, the gilt-bronze, the sustained harmonies of official oratory, are an impressive veil, but a veil only; and behind, the Christian conscience, rendered even more sensitive by the rigours of the Counter-Reformation, struggled against the temptations of the flesh and a terror of sin. Hence the related antitheses of St. Vincent de Paul and the Abbé Guibourg; hence also the almost morbid acuteness of a Molière, a Racine, or a Bourdaloue in the analysis of the human heart.

The great writers of the nineteenth century inherited the psychological traditions of Louis XIV's contemporaries, but the eighteenth century and the Revolution had supervened: the religious question—Jansenism, Jesuitism, Orthodoxy itself—was in abeyance. Balzac and his followers conceived the novel not merely as an instrument for analysing human passions, but also as a canvas upon which to paint contemporary society. The scene in which Eugénie Grandet and Emma Bovary struggle has a positive value of its own; the two books are fundamentally studies of a certain type of soul; but remove the central characters, and a mass of description still remains of documentary and artistic importance as an *étude de mœurs*. The nineteenth century is an age of comprehensive sub-titles: *Scènes de la vie parisienne, Chronique de 1830, Mœurs de Province, Histoire naturelle et sociale d'une famille sous le second empire*, etc. Far different is Mauriac's conception of the novel. The background of his books, the shabby society

[2] *La Vie de Jean Racine*, 6. [3] *Commencements d'une vie*, 34-5.

of the Lande, with its high pretentions and low ideals, exists only in relation to the central characters. Their tragedies reveal it as a fire at night reveals a landscape. Take away Thérèse or Fabien or the Cazenaves, and the *décor* too disappears as the landscape subsides into darkness when the last ember has expired. The psychological struggle, not the setting in which it takes place, interests Mauriac from first to last. "The lament of the pines of Argelouse, at night, was only so moving because you would have thought it human," meditates Thérèse, as she watches the crowds in the Rue Royale.[4] Man and his passions form the centre of Mauriac's enquiry; and the passions assimilate the setting and transform it according to their own economy—just as all nature becomes a mirror for Phèdre's guilty love.

This moral conflict has its roots in Mauriac's own preoccupation with the eternal struggle between flesh and spirit. "As soon as I set to work," he says, in an effort to explain his inability to write about *des anges*, "everything colors itself with my eternal colors; my finest characters are bathed in a certain sulphurous light which is proper to me and which I don't defend—which is simply mine."[5] This *lumière sulfureuse* is the same which bathes Phèdre and Athalie; it arises from the sense of sin, which lifts the ordinary peccadilloes of the flesh to a metaphysical plane, giving them a divine significance, and opening to Mauriac perspectives of redemption and damnation which do not exist for the rationalist. It provides him with a clue to the inner torment of a character, and enables him to penetrate beneath the façade of convention which humanity erects to hide itself from its fellows. His books are filled with the suffering faces of men. For him the human countenance is an index of the vice or remorse it conceals; and he examines it with an almost anguished concentration to detect "the throbbing of an internal wound."[6] All his great characters, like all the great personages of Racine, are in the meshes of a moral torment. Where he attempts to describe somebody in happy circumstances, he is not much better than mediocre. His characters only live in proportion to their suffering. Jean de Mirbel, the neglected child and the "sale type" of the first half of *La Pharisienne* is an interesting study; as the happy lover at the end, he is scarcely even a puppet. Indeed he disappears, as if the novelist himself had lost interest; and Louis Pian, the unhappy adolescent, comes back to the centre of the stage. Such is the secret of Mauriac's success in analysing the great writers of the seventeenth century. No other critic has detected with such unerring accuracy the suffering flesh beneath the periwigs and the brocade. Chateaubriand reinterpreted the French classics in the light of his romantic impressionism; Mauriac goes deeper, beyond the latent lyricism of Bossuet or Racine or Pascal to the springs of action, the struggle between flesh and spirit to which the literature of the *Grand Siècle* owes its tremendous density. "Man, when he has passed forty, finds himself in the thick of an ending battle, of a charnel-house: so

[4] *Thérèse Desqueyroux*, 241. [5] *Journal*, II, 108. [6] *Thérèse Desqueyroux*, 26.

much rottenness that is still alive! Some living persons seem to him deader than many of the dead he has loved," he notes of Molière.[7] The "tragedy in disguise" of Molière's comic genius assumes a new significance in the light of such words. And Racine's secret conflict takes on an urgent reality when Mauriac examines it through the glass of his own Jansenist boyhood: "We know what it is to live, from our earliest years, in a kind of familiar terror, in the presence of a God whose look detects our very thoughts."[8] No one knows better than Mauriac to what an extent Phèdre or Hermione or Roxane are manifestations of the poet's spiritual warfare, and not the mere exercises of a literary genius, however brilliant.

The method of his novels, in other words, is the method of Racine, not of Balzac and Flaubert. He follows his predecessors only to the extent that he admits the necessity of a realistic illusion in fiction: "the conflict of passions and vices with social conventions."[9] But at bottom the passions and vices fight not so much with social conventions as with the Christian's duty to his God. What do social conventions matter to Thérèse Desqueyroux? They hem her in; she struggles against them, suffocates in their embrace, commits a crime to escape from them. Yet her real struggle is not so much against the shabby moral rectitude of her husband and his relations, as against the grace of God, which has marked her out as a quarry. Thérèse, and the terrifying hero of *Le Nœud de vipères*, and most of Mauriac's other principal characters, carry on passionate dialogues with God. They are predestined to salvation; their reaction against the *mesquinerie* of their contemporaries is the first step towards absolution; and from then on their very crimes are stages of the same mystic road. There are times, as in *Le Mal*, when, to the sceptical mind, these orthodox conclusions seem a trifle forced. But on the whole, Mauriac's studies of redemption are the greatest of their kind since Tolstoy and Dostoyevsky; and at his best, he never sacrifices artistic truth to religious conviction. The failure of Thérèse Desqueyroux to reach complete reconciliation with the Church in the last novel dealing with her life (*La Fin de la nuit*, 1935) is a case in point. Thérèse penitent is not an easy subject to imagine, much less to render convincing; and Mauriac is too good a novelist to write tracts.

In one way, he is even more sensitive to the problem of sin than the seventeenth century itself—which in spite of its inner conflicts contrived to achieve an outward tranquillity entirely "classical." The world of its writers, whatever their spiritual agonies, was on the whole a world of intellect, or order, of passion reduced to order. The world of Mauriac is a world of emotion; it recalls less the age of Louis XIV, its Jansenist and Catholic ardours tempered by Cartesianism and French humanism, than the mortified paganism of the Cinquecento. To Boileau and Louis XIV, the pagan gods were ornaments for a fable or a painted ceiling; to Mauriac they are living entities—something at once less horrible and more dangerous

[7] *Trois grands Hommes devant Dieu*, 39.
[8] *La Vie de Jean Racine*, 10.
[9] *Journal*, II, 101.

than the horned devils of Renaissance witchcraft—symbols of the glorious and fallacious beauty of the physical world, ever on the watch to seduce man from his allegiance to Christ and to lead him to that deadliest of sins —the substitution of the creature for the creator. "Leaning over the stern of the ship . . . I told myself that paganism still lives, that it continues to corrupt in us the work of Divine Grace. It remains *the* temptation, not coarse but subtle, dangerous especially to the refined, who seek a spiritual life."[10] All his life Mauriac has been haunted by the memory of that extraordinary adolescent, Maurice de Guérin, who succumbed to the enchantments of Pan, and forgot Christ as he listened to the nymphs singing in the forests at Cayla. "Maurice de Guérin initiated us into the mute passions of the earth; he gave to our adolescence the intoxicating certainty of being the conscience of the vegetable world. It was in us that the trees tormented by the west wind, the hills where the shadows of the clouds flitted by, became conscious of themselves."[11] If all the passages on Guérin scattered through Mauriac's books were united, they would form an essay briefer but much more profound than George Sand's article or the Abbé Decahors' biography. For Mauriac, Guérin is symbolic of the young Christian who barters his soul to Cybele for initiation into her mysteries, and receives in return the disquieting knowledge that "les arbres ont des visages." The temptation to follow his example has often obsessed Mauriac. It finds its completest expression in one of his latest works, *Le Sang d'Atys*, a pendant to Guérin's *Centaure*. The problem remains unsolved; the old temptation as strong as before. For Cybele, even after losing Atys to Christ, can still cry:

> Ma part d'éternité demeure avec Atys.
> C'est pour ne pas mourir que Cybèle éphémère
> Epouse étroitement vos corps ensevelis,
> Innombrables Atys! Vous êtes ma poussière . . .
> Et toujours dans vos yeux dormira ma lumière . . .[12]

This awareness of the pagan seductions of nature mixes itself constantly with Mauriac's Catholicism. Just as Tasso, because of his terror of sin, is more voluptuous than Ariosto, more sensitive to licentious suggestion, so Mauriac's books, even when the novelist is most preoccupied with the moral problem—above all when he is so preoccupied—give an impression of uneasy concupiscence which is much more disturbing than the frank *gauloiserie* of a writer like Gabriel Chevallier. *Le Mal*, for example, the theme of which (a young man's escape from a liaison through the strength of his religious faith) seems calculated to satisfy the most exacting moralist, is one of the most *troublant* of his novels in this respect. The sense of sin which dominates Fabien Dezaymeries's intrigue with Fanny Barrett sharpens the sensuality of the episode to an almost intolerable degree. The resulting mixture of remorse and lust breaks out suddenly in phrases

[10] *Petits Essais de psychologie religieuse*, 53.
[11] *Journal*, I, 180-1.
[12] *Nouvelle Revue Française*, January, 1940.

which reveal an extraordinary knowledge on Mauriac's part of the influence of chance suggestions upon a mind obsessed by fleshly cravings. Going to visit his mistress, Fabien notes that "the street was as wet and warm as a mouth";[13] in Paris, he takes rooms in a quiet hotel occupied chiefly by aged ecclesiastics and quite free from those disturbing "emanations which reign in the corridors of hotels when the slop-basins are emptied."[14] Such phrases are typical of many others. The very surroundings of Mauriac's heroes are infected by the passions they watch. They resemble that animated landscape of the German engravers, which agitates itself restlessly in the background of a Crucifixion, or throws out obscene arms to a saint kneeling in ecstasy.

> The giant pines closed in the shadowy house. The Dézaymeries were as closely surrounded by the limitless army of the pines as by the Catholic faith with its pure and unbroken doctrine . . . . This country resists the spring as an austere heart resists the passions. The stunted oaks tremble in the April wind with all their dry branches, and the voice of love is only betrayed in the song of a titmouse.[15]
>
> That savage season lends to the coming of Autumn the tenderness of a sigh of deliverance. The first downpours release all earth and all flesh. Their rustle on the leaves seems to weep for joy. Intercepted, breathed in by the sick leaves, they don't immediately reach the sand—that wasted face of the Lande.[16]
>
> Around the interrupted drama, the great trees . . . waved their rainy foliage against the softened sky. They were defending the mother and son from the looks of strangers.[17]

Nature is assimilated by the dominant note of suffering, assuming a human capacity for pain. The pines of the Lande especially, tapped for their resin, become symbols of human torment: "fresh wounds bled from innumerable holes";[18] "the pines . . . form the huge army which bleeds between the Ocean and the Pyrénées";[19] ". . . a saw-mill where the pines, cut to pieces, seem to utter a cry";[20] "Autumn wounded the forests more profoundly";[21] "the vine . . . alive, or happy, or suffering, pressing against itself its grapes; menaced in a thousand ways";[22] "the cry of desire and sadness which the fields throw towards the sky."[23] So at the end of the Cinquecento, emotion invades poetry and invents new attitudes and themes: nature laments round the sorrow of Erminia, swoons voluptuously in Armida's garden, tears the bark from the trees to reveal the nymphs beneath.

> Par che la dura quercia e'l casto alloro,
> e tutta la frondosa ampia famiglia,
> par che la terra e l'acqua e formi e spiri
> dolcissimi d'amor sensi e sospiri.[24]

In essence, this obsession is opposed to the classical method. The artist who deals in emotion is open to the temptation of betraying the mind—a

[13] *Le Mal*, 143. [14] *Ibid.*, 29. [15] *Ibid.*, 24-5. [16] *Ibid.*, 27-8. [17] *Ibid.*, 146.
[18] *Le Baiser au lépreux*, 120. [19] *Ibid*, 159. [20] *Le Mal*, 107. [21] *Ibid.*, 89.
[22] *Journal*, II, 9. [23] *Le Désert de l'amour*, 138.

[24] Tasso, *Ger.Lib.*, XVI, 16: "It seems that the hard oak and chaste laurel, and all the ample leafy family, it seems that the earth and the water form and breathe sweet pleasures and sighs of love."

temptation all the stronger if he happens, as does Mauriac, to have a descriptive talent. Emotional hypertrophy is at bottom a Romantic defect; it often manifests itself in an overindulgence in landscape painting, with a consequent atrophy of the analytic power. A writer who paints scenery too well is apt to be a poor psychologist. Doubt has often been cast upon Boileau's assertion that he taught Racine to "faire difficilement des vers faciles." Yet perhaps his claim to such a distinction is not as empty as has been thought. Racine's art, with its emphasis on triumphant passion, is very delicately balanced. Lyric description is not rare in his plays; it is much more frequent than in Corneille; in happier circumstances it might have made *Bérénice* and *Andromaque* galleries of elegiac tone-painting instead of the psychological studies they are. Racine was saved from this excess by the classical tradition—then in its first vigour; the same tradition, older by two hundred years, has saved Mauriac. His first book, *Les Mains jointes*, showed an almost morbid emotionalism. He has since tamed this tendency; and if, as he tells us, his creatures are all subjective,[25] his *moi* is none the less sufficiently disciplined to prevent them from being mere reflections of his personality—as are the characters of Chateaubriand. They have all the *vraisemblance* of the best psychological realism; through them Mauriac studies humanity in general, and not simply himself. The moralist holds the pen; the torments of passion are controlled by his observations. Mauriac's work is constantly reinforced by *maximes* and moral reflections which recall La Rochefoucauld and La Bruyère. They are more poignant, with less resigned bitterness than the aphorisms of the seventeenth century; but they belong unmistakably to the same tradition.

> The worst of a low social status is that it makes us see people from the standpoint of their utility, and we only seek how they can be of use.[26]
>
> . . . Those who are absent are always right: they don't contradict the fables love creates. If we examine our lives, we find we seem to have always been separated from those we loved most: perhaps because it is sufficient for a loved one to live with us in order to become less dear.[27]
>
> We almost never take pity on those we love.[28]
>
> Love ends up as an exhausting search after a never-attained certainty.[29]
>
> Nothing resembles us less than our own acts.[30]
>
> It is an anguish to see the beloved create beneath our very eyes his own idea of us, setting aside our most precious virtues, giving prominence to this or that weakness, stupidity or vice. And he imposes his vision upon us, obliging us to conform, as long as his eye is upon us, to his own limited idea.[31]
>
> An old married couple never detest each other as much as they think they do.[32]

The classical tradition is deeply imbedded in French literature; it has never been entirely lost. Even in the full tide of Romanticism, there remained a Balzac, a Stendhal, to remind their countrymen that the true

[25] *Journal*, II, 104 ff.
[26] *Genetrix*, 53.
[27] *Ibid.*, 155.
[28] *Journal*, II, 76.
[29] *Ibid.*, 127.
[30] *Trois grands Hommes devant Dieu*, 56.
[31] *Le Désert de l'amour*, 221.
[32] *Le Nœud de vipères*, 165.

duty of a French writer was, as Mauriac has himself defined it, "la science de l'homme." Time after time, when literature seemed at an impasse, and all subjects explored, the writers of France have found fresh inspiration in that sober art which is never exhausted because its material, the human mind, revealed in the shifting patterns of convention and social change, is itself inexhaustible. The method, requiring an extreme self-consciousness, has perhaps stultified the lyric enthusiasm necessary for the production of a great epic. But in return it has given French literature a high standard of excellence which has scarcely failed once in the last four centuries. We have heard much of late about the difficult position of France in international affairs; and indeed her political future is not bright, especially by comparison with the past. But of the future of her literature we need have no fear. The disaster of 1940 turned her writers from externals to the everlasting moral problem, led them to concentrate once more, in the manner of Pascal and La Bruyère upon the mind of man. Catholics like Bernanos and Mauriac, orthodox critics like Henri Massis, sceptics like Valéry and Gide, Communists like Aragon, romantics like St. Exupéry—all have found new strength in that severe discipline which produced the great works of the past. The result has confirmed French literature in its position as the finest of contemporary Europe. It is a prodigious triumph, and all the more startling if one contrasts it with the political wretchedness of France since that *année terrible* when the Nazi armies entered Paris. To recognize, in the writers of such a time, the qualities which distinguish their greatest forbears—qualities we still number amongst the best of European civilization—is to rise convinced that the human spirit has not yet abandoned all claims to justification.

SIR ARTHUR EDDINGTON, O.M.

A. Vibert Douglas

WITH the death of Sir Arthur Stanley Eddington in Cambridge on November 21, 1944, a very great man has passed through the portals into the unseen world.

Born in Kendal in 1882, he was the son of the Headmaster of Stramongate School. From Owens College, that famous training ground of potential scholars, he proceeded to Cambridge. Here he trod the courts and corridors where the spirit of Newton lingers, where brilliant mathematicians had been or were making advances in pure mathematics and in its applications to physical problems and to astronomy—Airy, Cayley, Stokes, John Couch Adams, Larmor, J. J. Thomson, George Darwin. In 1904 he won the distinction of Senior Wrangler and in 1907 became Smith's Prizeman and Fellow of Trinity.

As Chief Assistant at Greenwich Observatory from about that time until 1913, Eddington rose to prominence with his investigations of stellar movements and the structure of the universe, which formed the subject matter and title of his first book, published in 1914. In this year he was made a Fellow of the Royal Society, and in the previous year, at the age of thirty, he was elected Plumian Professor of Astronomy in the University of Cambridge. This chair and the directorship of the Observatory he held with steadily increasing honour and international recognition to the end of his life.

In memory I see him in his classroom off Bene't Street. From my seat beneath the tablet to Cayley and Stokes, I watch a master-mind at work. A slight man of average height, in academic gown, reserved almost to the point of shyness, he rarely looks at his class. His keen eyes look at or through the side wall as he half turns from the blackboard and seems to think aloud the significance of the tensors which he has just written on the board. The mathematical theory of relativity is developed *ab initio* before our eyes and the symbols are made to live and take on meaning. I see his face in profile and hear his low voice as he says as though in soliloquy: "The real three-dimensional world is obsolete, and must be replaced by the four-dimensional space-time with non-Euclidean properties . . . . But the four-dimensional world is no mere illustration; it is the real world of physics, arrived at in the recognized way by which physics has always (rightly or wrongly) sought for reality." One must remember that this was 1922. Einstein's general theory had only been known in England for some five years and very few had the mathematical knowledge to read it; de Sitter's and Weyl's contributions were as yet scarcely understood; and Eddington's *Report on the Relativity Theory of Gravitation* for the Physical Society of London and his less mathematical *Space, Time and Gravitation* were not

two years old. The thrill of seeing physical science on the march in a new direction, the sense of something stirring, of new adventure, held us tensely expectant even though we might but half comprehend it; and before us slowly, deliberately, quietly, alternately thinking aloud in symbols and in words, was one of the few men, one of perhaps a dozen men, who at that time had the insight and vision to see whither it was leading.

The scene changes to the Cavendish Laboratory where Sir Ernest Rutherford is presiding at a meeting of the Cavendish Society and Professor Eddington is the speaker. In his usual quiet, reasoned, restrained manner he has given an exposition of his recent theoretical work on electron capture in giant stars. Again one must remember that this is 1922 and physicists are not very familiar with the behaviour of matter at temperatures ranging from 3000°C. to several million degrees, nor with the opacity resulting from extremely high ionization. Questions are put to the speaker like rapid rapier thrusts, and quietly parried. Then Rutherford rises with lust for battle in his eyes and as with a mighty broadsword delivers what he obviously thinks is a final deadly blow. Fire suddenly springs into Eddington's eyes, and steel meets steel with sparks flying. Criticisms based on a physicist's discharge tubes are shown to be inapplicable as applied to the stellar conditions. The attacker becomes the attacked and retires from the fray.

Another scene is a meeting of the Royal Astronomical Society at Burlington House when, as President, he presented the gold medal of the society to James Hopwood Jeans and outlined with brilliant competence the scientific achievements of the medallist. Referring to the series of papers on problems of stellar constitution in which he and Jeans had hurled mathematical missiles at one another over a period of several years, he pauses to remark that "the onlooker will perhaps conclude that *someone* was badly annihilated, but it is possible that Jeans and I may still have a difference of opinion—as to precisely whose corpse lies stricken on the field."

Few men of science have a record of achievement comparable to that of Eddington. For twenty years he has stood pre-eminent amongst the astronomers of the world. His papers on stellar structure led him into many fields. Fundamental was his recognition of the part played by radiation pressure, which with gravitational attraction and gas pressure account for the stability of stars and their limited range in the mass. This led to papers on the deep interiors of stars, calculation of central temperatures, of sources of energy, of atomic and electronic states, of pressures and densities, of variable stars and Cepheid pulsation, of stellar diameters, of masses and luminosities, of the densities and gaseous nature of white dwarf stars, of diffuse inter-stellar gases and the rotation of the galaxy. Who that was following astrophysics in those years will ever forget the excitement produced by his paper of March, 1924 on the mass-luminosity relation, and the papers which it evoked from J. H. Jeans in the November following

and from R. H. Fowler about two years later, this last showing how the statistical mechanics of a degenerate gas was applicable to the white dwarfs. Much of this work of Sir Arthur's has proved the starting point of research by scientists of many nations. It was in due course brought together in his *Internal Constitution of the Stars*, and the subsequent Bakerian and Halley Lectures. Many later papers have carried these researches farther.

Epoch-making, in more ways than one, were the verifications of some of Eddington's predictions. With Michelson's stellar interferometer attached to the 100-inch reflector at Mount Wilson Observatory, Pease in 1920 found the angular diameters of giant red stars to be in good agreement with Eddington's calculations. In 1925 W. S. Adams succeeded in measuring the red shift in the spectrum lines of the white dwarf companion of Sirius, thus verifying both the Einstein relativity theory and Eddington's theoretical calculation of the immense density of stars of this class.

Eddington has been the outstanding exponent in the English language of the relativity theory. It was he who first interpreted the ideas of Einstein, de Sitter, and Weyl. It was he who realized the importance of testing Einstein's theory on its prediction that rays of light passing close to a body like the sun would be deflected in the gravitational field, and that this might be accomplished during the total solar eclipse of May 29, 1919. Notwithstanding the war, plans were pushed ahead, and when the eventful day arrived, even though the Treaty of Versailles had not yet been signed, two British expeditions were in readiness to take the crucial photographs, and Eddington at Principe Island and Crommelin at Sobral obtained the plates which gave a first measure of confirmation to the new theory. It was Eddington who interpreted Lemaître to the English-speaking world, and for fifteen years he has upheld the theory of an expanding universe, modifying the original approach of Lemaître by starting from an "Einstein universe." The goal of his endeavours has been the formulation of a theory combining both relativity and quantum theories. During the last few years he has published several papers attempting to make this very synthesis—how successfully cannot be said until the few mathematicians competent to judge have examined it in every detail. Its consequences upon the time scale of the universe are to lengthen the "age" beyond that of recent theories. This was the subject of his last contribution to the Royal Astronomical Society.

My thoughts go to a conversation with Dr. de Sitter in 1931 when I asked him the result of a controversy between himself and Sir Arthur over the effect of space expansion upon our own galaxy. Eddington had maintained that the dimensions of the galaxy would be unaltered; de Sitter had eventually been obliged to agree; and he said to me, shaking his patriarchal head ruefully: "Eddington was right. Eddington is always right." Not everyone has thought this in regard to his most speculative and debatable researches, those on the theoretical determination of cosmological and physical constants.

The number 137 will awaken in the minds of many, memories of a kindled interest, of perplexity, doubt, expectation, and perhaps of moments of great thrill, when thinking back over the last fifteen years. The name of Eddington stands central in these memories. This has been his playground pre-eminently. Some of us have stood fascinated at the edge of the field watching this illusive game played patiently, skillfully, brilliantly by one man, a master juggler with the elements of the theory of groups, with quantum mechanics, and with the basic units of measurement. Some there have been who paused to watch briefly, to smile or even ridicule the Aristotelian *tour de force*. But steadily and doggedly the theory has been pushed forward, until now the evidence seems overwhelming that, with no observational data other than three basic constants, namely, the velocity of light and the Rydberg and Faraday constants for hydrogen, it is possible to calculate theoretically the following thirteen physical constants: charge e; Planck's constant; masses of electron, proton, hydrogen atom; gravitation constant; fine structure constant; nuclear range-constant; nuclear energy-constant; mass of universe; number of particles in universe; Einstein radius of space; galactic recession constant. This is a startling achievement because of its philosophical implications. In his book *Relativity Theory of Protons and Electrons* the foundations of this theory are set forth, and in *The Philosophy of Physical Science* he investigated the epistemological significance of his approach. Let us hear his own account of the factors which influenced him. "A slight reddening of the light of distant galaxies, an adventure of the mathematical imagination in spherical space, reflections on the underlying principles implied in all measurements, nature's curious choice of certain numbers such as 137 in her scheme—these and many other scraps have come together and formed a vision." With humour and apt literary allusion so typical of his writing, he adds "a most rare vision . . . Bottom's dream."

Equating a function of the number of independent wave systems in the universe to the ratio of electrical to gravitational forces between electron and proton, he arbitrarily (and should we say, intuitively) bridged the gap between atomic and relativity theory. Recognizing that two indistinguishable electrically charged particles have 137 degrees of freedom, he understood how this number comes to be imbedded in nature. The apparent arbitrariness of some of the constants of nature has vanished—their values are what they are by logical necessity.

Dingle has been a consistent opponent of Eddington's Aristotelianism as found in these researches. In reviewing Born's recent book, *Experiment and Theory in Physics*, Dingle says, "Like others, Professor Born has not succeeded in understanding the essential parts of Eddington's theory connecting the constants of quantum theory with those of cosmology. That is not to say that there is nothing of great value in the theory. His final comment is perhaps the wisest that has yet been made on this subject: 'I am far from attacking Eddington's theories or from doubting his results.

If they should turn out to be right I shall rejoice. But I shall not attribute this (possible) success to Eddington's philosophy, as a doctrine which could be followed by others, but to his personal genius and intuition.' " The world may have to wait a long time for another man with "personal genius and intuition" comparable to Sir Arthur's. When it is fully understood, this entire investigation may yet be ranked as one of the great adventures of the human mind.

Eddington's excursions into philosophy and metaphysics are to be found mainly in three books. *The Nature of the Physical World* (1928) comprises his Gifford Lectures of the previous year; *New Pathways of Science* contains the Messenger Lectures delivered at Cornell in 1934; and *The Philosophy of Physical Science* arose from the Tarner Lectures in Cambridge in 1938. These books are a source of sheer delight to readers trained in the mathematical sciences. To many who have only a very meagre knowledge in these fields, large parts of each book can be enjoyed with profit. To philosophers in general they are illuminating and provocative; and to a few stern logicians for whom a strict and narrow use of words is the beginning and end of wisdom, they are a source of severe irritation. Much of the writing is brilliant exposition. With the aid of simile and metaphor, and oft-times pungent wit (all of which inevitably lay one open to a flank attack by solemn logicians), many of the most abstruse mathematical subjects are put in words so that the layman can at least get some idea of the way science is going—relativity, quantum theory, probability, wave mechanics, indeterminism. He develops his philosophy of physical science, regarding the result as partaking of the nature of both selective subjectivism and structuralism, and then proceeds to "a general philosophical outlook which a scientist can accept without inconsistency."

He is Platonic in his insistence upon the intrinsic part played by mind in the picture of the universe which man constructs for himself. He stresses the purely symbolic character of the world built up by the measurements of the physicists and astronomers. The underlying reality is untouched by these methods of approach. His own world-building, as also that of Einstein, de Sitter, Weyl, or Lemaître, is to be thought of as map-making, a partial representation only. "Symbolic" knowledge, the result of physical measurements, can be put into this map, but "intimate" knowledge, the essential contribution of the mind, cannot be introduced. "Realization that physical knowledge is concerned only with structure points the way by which the conception of man as an element in a moral and spiritual order can be dovetailed into the conception of man as the plaything of the forces of the material world."

A member of the Society of Friends with sincere mystical insight, Eddington lays great stress on recognition of the unseen world. His approach is through intimate knowledge:

> The desire for truth, . . . the reaching out of the spirit from its isolation to something beyond, a response to beauty in nature and art, an Inner Light of conviction and guidance

—are these as much a part of our being as our sensitivity to sense-impressions? . . . Who does not prize these moments that reveal to us the poetry of existence? . . . We do not ask whether philosophy can justify such an outlook . . . rather our system of philosophy is itself on trial; it must stand or fall according as it is broad enough to find room for this experience as an element of life. The sense of values within us recognizes that this is a test to be passed; it is as essential that our philosophy should survive this test as that it should survive the experimental tests supplied by science . . . . We all know that there are regions of the human spirit untrammelled by the world of physics. . . . There are some to whom the sense of a divine presence irradiating the soul is one of the most obvious things of experience.

Eddington was very careful never to lend support to a rather widespread proclivity on the part of too many religious teachers to grasp some bit of scientific knowledge and distort it into evidence for faith in spiritual values and beliefs. Weyl has written: "Modern Science, in so far as I am familiar with it through my own scientific work, mathematics and physics [and cosmology], makes the world appear more and more an open one, as a world not closed but pointing beyond itself . . . science can do no more than show us this open horizon . . . ." Eddington, in one of his writings, quotes this passage and endorses it thus: "He who views mysticism from the standpoint of scientific philosophy may be compared to a man looking down on a city from a height. . . . It is something that from the present peak of science, the clouds have so far rolled away that we seem able to make out the site of the city . . . . But the domain thus revealed ought to be known from within. To join in this knowledge we must surrender our scientific vantage point, and enter the way by which man has from the earliest times entered into the things of the spirit."

In the closing section of his last book, *The Philosophy of Physical Science*, we find these sentences: "Even in science we realize that knowledge is not the only thing that counts. We allow ourselves to speak of the spirit of science. Deeper than any 'form of thought' is a faith that creative activity signifies more than the thing it creates . . . . In the age of reason, faith yet remains supreme; for reason is one of the articles of faith. . . . A scientist should recognize in his philosophy—as he already recognizes in his propaganda—that for the ultimate justification of his activity it is necessary to look away from the knowledge itself, to a striving in man's nature, not to be justified of science or reason, for it is itself the justification of science, of reason, of art, of conduct."

Eddington was essentially a man of happy nature, fond of sports, of his pipe and fireside, and of his associations with astronomers and other scientists the world over. In a letter from Cambridge written in December, 1943 he says, "We get on pretty well here though things are a bit difficult in various ways. One misses very much the stimulus of research students." His powerful, restless mind found satisfaction not only in the results but in the actual struggle of hard thinking. In his Swarthmore Lecture he had said: "You will understand the true spirit neither of science nor of religion unless seeking is placed in the forefront."

The happiness which he derived from his work was both intellectual and aesthetic. In his last book he contrasts the Pythagorean arithmetic of counting with the assignment of numbers to systems where the process of counting is logically ruled out, and of this latter he says: "it is impossible not to admire the devastating beauty of quantum arithmetic." These words remind one of an astronomer of three hundred years earlier, John Kepler, for whom Tycho Brahe's records of planetary observations had "the fragrance of ambrosia." These are the reactions of great rounded characters: no cold materialistic philosophy will explain the divine fire. "Verily it is by Beauty that we come at Wisdom, yet not by Reason at Beauty."

Sir Arthur Eddington took the universe from atoms to stellar galaxies and likewise the world unseen save by "the eye of the soul" as his hunting grounds, and therein imagination and reason went forth in uncurbed glory. Now this giant among thinking men, "the gentle knight," has gone forth upon a new adventure. "They that be wise shall shine as the firmament of heaven and . . . as the stars for ever and ever."

INTELLECTUAL FREEDOM AND POLITICAL CO-OPERATION

H. W. Wright

REPRESENTATIVE democracy, as we know it, is an outgrowth of modern political liberalism which proposes to find a basis for government in the intellect and will of individual citizens. It assumes that the thinking of every man goes on in a social medium, and that it involves a continuous interchange of information and opinion which can be relied upon to produce a sufficient measure of agreement among fellow-citizens on questions of national policy and the goals of national effort. Accordingly, we say that in a democracy the governing force is public opinion which results from the collective thinking of fellow-citizens. In the heated discussions of the political campaign, such opinion crystallizes, and is given recorded expression in the vote. Its formation and expression proceed at all times, however, facilitated by the newspaper and periodical press, by public speeches and debates, and by the talk which goes on without ceasing among friends and acquaintances, in families and various local groups. It is therefore consistent with the democratic conception of government to understand the political freedom for which the United Nations have fought as a freedom primarily intellectual, the right of the individual citizen to liberty of thought and investigation, of utterance and published statement, of party preference and secret ballot.

Liberalism and intellectualism have been singled out by Fascists and Nazis for unremitting attack. No words have been too strong to express their scorn and contempt for these tendencies at work in modern civilization. They have assailed political liberalism as disintegrative and demoralizing, and the intellectualism at its core as individualistic, and disruptive of organized social effort. So far as this attack has any basis in fact or logic, it would seem to lie in the belief that reason in human beings is by nature self-centred, and governed by considerations of individual rather than social interest. Since such is its character (they may be supposed to argue), for any government to encourage, or even to permit, the free exercise of thought upon political questions by individuals, and to be guided in its policies by the opinions which emerge from a free discussion of political issues by fellow-citizens, is to preclude the possibility of effective national co-operation.

Now it cannot be denied that we do find among leading philosophers of the past, and outstanding psychologists of the present, some who endorse the view that man's reason is essentially self-centred, and that the sole function of intellect in the life of the human individual is prudential enlightenment. Thus they lend some support to the charges brought against political liberalism by the present-day enemies of democracy. The question at issue here, of the nature of human intellect and the part it plays in the

social behaviour of man, is consequently one of decided practical importance today when the gravest problems which confront humanity are those of political organization, and the most imperative need of mankind is for national and international co-operation. Even among ourselves there are a few who begin to doubt whether the procedures of representative democracy with its confused clamour of individual opinion, its amount of unproductive partisan strife, and its interminable parliamentary debates, is compatible with such prompt, decisive, and effective national action as the emergencies of the present and the near future will certainly demand.

In contemporary psychology, the great name and authority of Freud can be invoked in support of the view that man's intellect is by nature egoistic and prudential. This conception of the intellectual function is accepted by many psychologists today because it follows from Freud's famous analysis of the factors which go to make up human personality. This analysis has proved to be very suggestive and illuminating—so much so that, despite its doubtful features, it merits attention from all thoughtful students of human behaviour and social life. According to Freud, a study of what he calls the "anatomy of human personality" discloses the existence and operation of three agencies which he designates the Id, the Ego, and the Super-ego. By the Id he means the basic organic urges in the nature of man. These instinctual urges are said to fall into two main classes: first, the love urges, including sex-love, all varieties of social impulsion and affection, and self-love; and second, the hate urges, including all impulses toward destructive aggression against others and against self. These organic urges are, according to Freud, the sole source of creative energy in human beings, even that which is directed upon the higher "ideal" ends of science, art, social welfare, and religion. By the Super-ego, Freud means the social conscience of the human individual. It is acquired in early childhood and has its source in the authority of parents on whom the love-impulses of the little child are fixated. It takes over, and adopts as its own, the authoritative rules and restrictions which are respected and honoured by the parents, and thus it becomes spokesman for the age-long standards and values of moral and social tradition. The Ego, as defined by Freud, is that part of human nature which develops in response to the demands of the external world. If the human being in seeking the objects of his instinctive craving is to escape mishap and eventual destruction, he must learn to take account of the facts and forces of the external world. This requires on his part the exercise of observation, memory, and prudential foresight. These are intellectual functions, and, in Freud's view, Ego and intelligence or intellect are roughly identical. As he saw it, human intellect is not creative, since all genuinely creative forces originate in the Id. Neither is it a principle of order and organization in personal development and social life, since all organizing ideals and standards are supplied by the Super-ego. It rather acts as a referee, adjudicating the opposing

claims of the Id and the Super-ego in accordance with the rules of the game, as set by the facts and the forces of the external world.

If we wonder how such a conception of the human intellect and its function as follows from the Freudian conception of human personality would apply to the political problem of effective national co-operation in a democracy, we are not left to draw our own conclusions. This application has been recently made for us by psychologists of the psycho-analytic or Freudian school in a series of interesting and instructive articles upon the psychology of war-time morale in a democracy. In a democracy, they tell us, morale is necessarily ego-intellectual. It cannot have its source in the motives of the Id, such as the organic appetites of hunger, sex, etc., and aggressive hostility, nor in the motives of the Super-ego, i.e., respect for, and submission to, the authoritative injunctions and prohibitions of society. Its source must be found in the motives of the Ego, whose function in the life of any human being is to adjust his instinctive desires to the norms and standards of the social group of which he is a member. In making this adjustment, the individual is guided by the facts and laws of the actually existing world. There develops within him an enlightened self-regard which, according to these writers, is the psychological basis of morale in a democracy. This conception of democratic morale as ego-intellectual is in harmony, as one of its champions maintains,[1] with the importance ascribed by democracy to popular enlightenment and public education. It also justifies the creation and expansion in a democracy of institutions like schools, colleges, and research centres, the press and the radio, for the dissemination of information and opinion—institutions elaborated, as he says, to see that the ego functions shall be systematically and thoroughly employed. For herein democracies have their greatest advantage over totalitarian states: in a democracy total morale depends on nothing more than the truth, and the whole truth.

With much of this line of thought the defender of modern political liberalism is in cordial agreement. He too believes that the degree of support given by the citizen-body of a democracy to the national goals in war-time must depend first and foremost upon the appeal which these goals make to the reason and rational will of individual citizens. But he finds that the explanation of democratic morale just cited falls fatally short of accounting for the psychology of national co-operation in a democracy, whether in war or in peace-time. It does so because of its narrow and circumscribed conception of intellect and its effects on social behaviour. On this view it cannot be directly responsible in any way for the authority exercised over the individual by the social and moral standards of his group. We should all agree that such submission is primarily the result of non-rational factors like imitation, suggestion, and conditioning, operative in early childhood. But this is not to say that the growing intelligence of the

[1]F. M. McCord, "A Blue Print of Total Morale" (*Character and Personality*, Dec., 1942, 100 ff.).

individual has nothing to do with his social conformity. Furthermore, intellect on the Freudian view cannot be directly responsive to the appeal of the co-operative goals and techniques of organized industrial and civic life. It can find no intrinsic interest in the ideal aims of science, technology, and fine art, which are objects of associated human endeavour. With all these pursuits and goals of organized social life, intellect as ego-function is concerned only so far as they adjust the conflicting pressures of egoistic desire, social authority, and physical fact. These difficulties are appreciated by one of the group of writers above mentioned,[2] who declares that the motivation for democratic morale is to be found not in the "narcissistic ego" which is narrowly self-interested, but in the "expanded ego" which has identified itself in a profound and lasting way with the group. Such identification is, however, according to Freudian preconceptions, the work not of rational but of emotional and instinctive factors.

What the champion of democracy has therefore to challenge is not the view that democracy encourages the individual citizen to think for himself on national political issues, but rather the view, wrongly coupled with this, that intellectual activity is by necessity of its nature centred in the individual self and limited to a prudential concern for its interests. This mistaken conception of the nature and function of human intellect is held, as we have seen, both by the enemies of democracy and by some psychologists who are its sincere supporters. In the case of the latter, the mistake is one of a kind almost certain to arise when the psychologist compartmentalizes the nature of man, and then locates the major forms of human activity in one part or another. Human personality is essentially one, and to begin by dividing it into parts like the Id, the Ego, and the Super-ego is to pave the way for serious misconception of its various activities which are all expressions of the one dynamic whole. To be sure, the scientific explanation of any subject-matter must begin with analysis and definition. Thus we could not hope to understand the character and scope of human intellect without distinguishing and defining the different fields in which it is exercised. We can do this and at the same time avoid the danger just mentioned of splitting human personality into separate parts if, from the outset, we conceive of human intelligence *objectively*, i.e., in terms of the environmental situation in which it acts. This approach makes it possible to describe the different fields of human experience and behaviour in which intelligence operates, keeping particularly in mind the part which its free exercise in each of these fields plays in that national co-operation which democracy intends.

One such field is the world of things and people which we perceive through the senses. This is the environment to which human beings must first learn to adjust themselves in early childhood. It is the sole source of the food, fresh air, and shelter, of the human care and companionship, which the child requires if he is to continue to exist and to grow to a human

[2] I. Chien, "The Meaning of Morale" (*Psychological Review*, May, 1943, 315).

maturity. It therefore constitutes the original field of action for the human individual. Those objects of the natural world which offer satisfaction to his organic needs, he must pursue and obtain; such other objects as endanger his existence and security, he must learn to avoid and escape from. This means that he must acquire habits of action which adapt him to the surrounding world as he perceives it. But, within the rather wide limits set by biological necessity, the adaptive habits which the growing human does learn are determined by the customs and beliefs, the institutions and standards, of the social group into which he is born. What kinds of food he eats, what articles of clothing he wears, what household routine he follows, what family discipline he submits to, what language he speaks, what industrial skills he acquires—all these and many other modes of adaptive behaviour are determined by the social culture pattern of his people. Now the process of socially oriented learning is explained in large part by non-rational factors like imitation and suggestion, and the mechanistic laws of conditioning and habit formation. But this early training which includes not merely the acquiring of biologically and socially adaptive habits, but also the adoption of socially prevalent attitudes and socially approved ideals, is in some measure the result of rational insight and understanding. The desire to see meaning in objects, events, and actions is not merely the pastime of intellectuals, but a universal human trait. To some extent, very slight at first but rapidly increasing with years, the child *understands* the human relationships which are upheld and subserved by social institutions. He also has some glimmer of insight into the instrumental relation between domestic and industrial tools, implements, and technical methods, and the results they are employed to produce.

Except, indeed, for this help given by intelligence, it is hard to see how the norms, the institutions, and the products of a social culture could be assimilated and further developed by each new generation. The Nazis were good psychologists when, to facilitate the training of their "Hitler Youth," they supplied a framework of mythical history and spurious science, by which their prescriptions and disciplines could be explained and justified. It is a great mistake, moreover, to think that this particular contribution of intellectual insight and understanding to organized co-operative social life has little importance for a democracy. During the inter-war period, an unfortunate impression gained currency among us that in a free and enlightened society the only concern of reason with historic beliefs, customs, and institutions was to expose and explode them. Such an idea, if generally accepted, would have disastrous effects upon our educational methods, certain to reveal themselves in times like these when the resources of democracy for collective action in self-defence and for world-betterment are being severely tested. This is in no sense to deny the right of our youth to the free use of their critical intelligence in the examination and appraisal of existing institutions; it is, however, to affirm that such criticism is shallow and jejune if it does not start with, and proceed

from, a knowledge of such social uses as these institutions possess, and of their points of superiority over the institutions which they superseded in social evolution.

There is a second type of external environment, or objective field, in which intellect is exercised, quite different in character and organization from the one just described. It is properly called social in the full, and distinctive, meaning of that word. The world of the little child is, of course, pervaded from the beginning by social influences in the form of adult authority, assistance, and constraint, and the controls and disciplines of the family home and the school. But it still remains the objective world of things and people, perceived (whether things *or* people) in relation to the needs and desires of the perceiving person, and to the modes of action whereby he seeks and obtains the objects he needs and desires. As different from this, the social world proper rests on powers of intercommunication possessed by human individuals. Through processes of communication by speech, goal-directed action, and emotionally expressive movement, the individual gains an idea of himself as a person, in personal interrelation with other selves. The social world is the community of interacting persons, along with the goals which, competitively or co-operatively, they pursue, and the forms of institutional life they establish and maintain. Its distinctive and essential character does not completely manifest itself until the advent of full social self-consciousness at adolescence.

What does intellect accomplish in the social field to encourage large-scale human co-operation? First of all, it enables the individual to view himself with social objectivity as a human unit, as one among many group members, all with an equal interest in the goals sought by the group and an equal obligation to comply with the conditions for their attainment. This understanding, arrived at by the normal individual in the course of early experience in the home and the school and on the playground, that group membership confers equal rights and imposes equal obligations upon all members, with individual exception to be made only on account of special circumstances which furnish good and sufficient reason, is, psychologically speaking, the very foundation of democracy. The Swiss psychologist Piaget, in a famous study he made of the attitude of boys to the rules of a marble game which they all played during boyhood years, found that an initial understanding of the meaning of what we call equality, reciprocity, and equity, in social give and take, dawned upon the minds of the boys between the ages of five or six, and twelve or fourteen. But does such an understanding, and the social behaviour it recommends, represent more than the kind of adjustment to environment which enlightened self-interest requires? Yes, it does mean something more, and that something more is of crucial moment. The phrase "adjustment to environment," though useful, is notoriously hard to pin down. As employed by many psychologists in describing intelligent human behaviour, it signifies a process whose centre of gravity, though swinging outward toward the social environment, still

remains within the limits of individual personality. It would mean in the present case the acceptance by the individual of such restrictions upon his desires and ambitions as he sees to be for his own future interest in view of the nature and demands of the social world. But the understanding just referred to as basic to democracy is community-centred rather than ego-centred. It signifies the emergence of a new concept which is a construction of reason, the concept of the group or society in whose orderly life its members participate willingly because of the value of the results to be attained by such collective activity, and whose laws they obey cheerfully, because without them the satisfactions of collective effort and achievement would be unattainable. As an intellectual construction, this concept of the self-governing community has an intrinsic appeal to the intelligence of man.

In this second field of ego-alter relations, intelligence discovers not merely the basis for universal political participation, but also a method for widespread industrial co-operation through division of labour in accordance with the diversified interests and abilities of human individuals. It recognizes more and more clearly that, in view of the hazards and drawbacks of competitive struggle, it is better for men at large to engage in occupations in which individuals contribute in different ways to a collective goal. Here individual workers share in the productive efficiency of the operative organization and enjoy the comradeship it involves. This is not a case, we again remind ourselves, of the external adjustment of the economic interests of human individuals. It represents the discovery, by dint of thinking, of a new prospect and possibility of the functional integration of the productive industry of mankind, whereby the individual can see his goals realized through the activities of another, and others' plans brought to fruition by his own effective labour.

In the social field the individual meets others not only in the roles of fellow-citizen and fellow-worker, but simply as persons, in the direct contacts and social interchange of daily life. This type of social encounter is of fundamental importance because, in connection with it, the process of identification takes its rise, and identification, at first with individuals and then with groups, is a psychological factor of great scope and potency in accounting for all large-scale social and political organizations. The primitive identification of the infant with parents is doubtless impulsive and emotional, as psycho-analysts affirm. But what many psychologists, with the notable exception of McDougall, have overlooked is that this identification process when extended from the family circle to larger groups, depends also and necessarily upon the exercise of thought and imagination. It is worthwhile to notice the part played by intellect in personal encounter and exchange, if for no other reason, because of the light it throws upon the work of the intellective factor in enabling the individual to identify himself with a national population, its characteristics, its aims, and its policies.

We can with considerable success perceive from the way others act

what they are trying to do, and from their expressive movements what emotions they feel, what impulses actuate them and what ideas are uppermost in their minds. But such perceptual apprehension is limited to the present responses of the individual observed, and works best with familiar acquaintances and people like ourselves. It is possible, however, by the exercise of thought, by gathering information and reflecting upon it, to gain something like a comprehension of the personal characteristics, abilities, outlook, and limitations, of different sorts and kinds of people. The intelligent observer will be led by the logic of the social context to take full account of the widely varying conditions of racial origin, ancestral religion, early home life and training, childhood surroundings and educational opportunity, which have operated to produce these differences in personal character, ambition, and outlook on life and the world. Thus the thoughtful student of human nature will be prepared to understand people very different from himself and his kind; by the exercise of intelligent imagination, he will be able to look at things from their point of view, and to have a sympathetic appreciation of their ambitions and their difficulties, their abilities and their short-comings. The value and importance of such appreciative understanding of, such imaginative sympathy with, fellow-citizens, to the kind of voluntary co-operation by a national population that democracy proposes, are too obvious to require further comment.

A third objective field in which intellect functions is the real universe, the cosmic setting and encompassing background of all human experience and activity. While "cosmic" or "universe" may suggest something vague and metaphysical, it is nevertheless true that the real universe is encountered by human beings as a definite, concrete, and compelling actuality. As such, it constitutes a distinctive field for the exercise of intelligence. Indeed, it is the real world in this inclusive sense which evokes the most highly-developed modes of intellectual activity broadly defined, viz., scientific discovery, practical invention, and artistic creation. Science, technology, and fine art stand as monumental witness to the existence of this, a third authentic field of intellectual effort and achievement.

Science, art, technology, and religion are parts, to be sure, of man's social culture. But they are different from other social institutions and products. They do not possess the direct biological utility of institutions like marriage and the family. They are not, like property or political power, attained by competitive struggle. A recent writer has given recognition to this difference by calling science, religion, art, etc., *secondary* institutions, i.e., institutions which satisfy no primary biological or social need, but which have been developed to relieve the tensions created by the restrictions and disciplines imposed by the *primary* institutions like the family and the tribal or national government. But the truly differentiating features of these higher cultural activities and the ends which they seek is to be found in the fact that they are responses to objects not in their relation to the needs of human individuals or the welfare of particular social

groups, but in their relation to the real world of which they are parts. The first, science in the comprehensive sense, seeks to discover all that can be found out concerning the actual world, its variety of objects and forces, its orderly structure and organizing laws. The second, practical invention, seeks to adapt the forces of the existing world to the rational uses of man through mechanical and social contrivance and the exercise of technical skill. The third, artistic creation, seeks to envisage and to embody in some sensuous medium, the meaningful harmonies presented by the patterns of form and colour, sound and movement in the real world.

This fact, that the intellectual activities of scientific thought, practical invention, and artistic creation are responses to the real universe, has an important social consequence. It is the principal reason why these activities are, and always have been, outstandingly co-operative. For in these fields the criteria of successful attainment are objective, determined not by the tastes and preferences of individuals, or the interests of classes or groups, but by the character of the real world—the real world as an orderly system with a coherent structure, causally effective forces, and significant harmonies of colour, sound, and movement. This is just the condition which affords the fairest and fullest opportunity to make individual contribution to a collective goal. It is therefore no accident that in the history of social culture, co-operative human achievement has been most marked in the fields of science, technology, and fine art.

Here then is another field of human activity and experience in which the exercise of intellect encourages, even necessitates, co-operation. This has, in its way, a direct bearing upon the aims and political procedures of democracy. Democracy grants to individuals the greatest possible freedom in these fields: freedom of scientific and historical investigation, freedom of philosophical interpretation and religious faith, freedom of industrial invention and enterprise, freedom of political innovation and reform, freedom of aesthetic taste and artistic creation. It cannot be denied that such liberation of individual thought, invention, and imagination has at times been productive of social division, dissension, and demoralization. But such effects must be considered as incidental and transient when compared with the fundamental psychological fact that these higher forms of intellectual activity are essentially communicative and co-operative, and that they furnish the finest example we know of voluntary association of congenial aspirants in pursuit of a common goal.

The conclusions reached in the foregoing pages may now be briefly summarized. The present-day enemies of democracy are right in connecting political liberalism with intellectualism, since democracy proposes to find a basis for government in the intelligence of individual citizens. But they are wrong in holding that to base government upon a public opinion engendered by the free exercise of thought and interchange of ideas on the part of fellow-citizens, is to preclude the possibility of national co-operation. This belief gains plausibility from an inadequate and erroneous conception

of the human intellect and its function, a conception sanctioned, unfortunately, by some prominent psychologists. If, however, man's intellectual activity is rightly understood in connection with the objective fields in which it operates, it proves to be the one agency in the nature of man capable of promoting and directing voluntary co-operation among human individuals in a great national organization. It is intellect or reason which makes it possible for the human being to communicate with his fellows by speech and gives him some insight, even in childhood, into the social relationships established and fostered by the institutions of his social culture, and into the social uses of the tools and material equipment it makes available for his employment. It is intellect which enables man to view himself objectively as one among many members of a group or nation, all of whom have the same rights and duties. It is intellect which reveals to men the advantages of a division of labour in industry, with a specialization of work in accordance with individual differences in ability, and a functional integration of diverse individual contributions to a common task. It is intellect which enables the individual citizen to overcome the limitations of his own personal background and subjective point of view and to gain a sympathetic understanding of the outlook, the ambitions, and the limitations of others who are widely different from himself in cultural antecedents and educational opportunity as well as in native ability and taste. And last, but by no means least in importance, it is intellect that makes man responsive to the appeal of those higher ends, scientific, technological, artistic, and religious, which, because of their cosmic scope and significance, can only be sought and attained by continued and far-reaching human co-operation, and whose co-operative pursuit by different individuals in different places and times is a convincing demonstration of the basic identity of human interests and human destiny.

EPICUREANISM AND CHRISTIANITY

NORMAN W. DEWITT

IT has long been a fixed belief in the cultural tradition of western Europe that of the ancient moralities it is Stoicism that exhibits the closest affinity with Christianity. This belief was not in the beginning the result of positive teaching. Its origin is rather to be sought in a sympathetic reaction or association reflex. The original reaction was the heartening experience of Christianity in discovering an extensive harmony and coincidence between its own ethics and the teachings of the philosopher Seneca, especially in his *Moral Epistles*. The sympathetic reaction was a feeling of admiration for Stoicism, because the wisdom of Seneca bore a Stoic label. Subsequently this feeling was reinforced by the study of Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius, whose Stoic labels were printed in even larger letters. Only in later phases of this accumulating admiration for Stoicism was its affinity with Christianity subjected to analysis and rationalization.

This rationalization, in its turn, was largely a matter of labels and their manipulation. It is true, for example, that the Stoics, like the Christians, were monotheists, but this was true only after a fashion. Their God, though for diplomatic reasons often identified with Jupiter or Zeus, was not a personal god. He was described qualitatively as the divine fire or mind-stuff, which, while permeating everything, was also thought of quantitatively as a vast reservoir of fire, located high in the celestial regions.[1] Like the Christians, again, the Stoics believed in a divine Providence, but theirs was not a personal Providence interested in human beings as individuals, but rather a sovereign world-mind that held the heavenly bodies true to their orbits and thus presented for the imitation of man the pattern and model of a rigidly rational life.[2] Human emotions, as threatening to mar the imitation of the divine order, were feared and discouraged.[3]

Another doctrine that won favour for Stoicism in pious and respectable circles was the exaltation of virtue as the highest good in human conduct.[4] This was the most effective of all their smart array of labels. Inscribe the blessed name of VIRTUE on a banner and even hypocrites will rally to its cover. On the same principle it was a label that damned Epicureanism even in antiquity. By Epicurus the highest good was identified with pleasure,[5] and, even though no godly man would stubbornly dissociate all forms of happiness from the highest good in human life, yet only the stout-hearted and defiant would dare to label this happiness with the name of pleasure.

[1]Eduard Zeller, *The Stoics, Epicureans and Sceptics* (London, 1870), 148-60.
[2]*Ibid.*, 170-1. [3]*Ibid.*, 243-54. [4]*Ibid.*, 225-41.
[5]*Epist. to Menoeceus*, 128-9, in Cyril Bailey, *Epicurus* (Oxford, 1926), 87. Hereafter cited as "Bailey."

It mattered nothing that pleasure was so defined by Epicurus as to demand the abjuration of all pleasure as the world understands the term and the adoption in its stead of a life so simple as to fall little short of asceticism. It was the label that counted. It mattered nothing that the Stoic concept of virtue was inconsistent with the teachings of Christ, that it was unfeeling, uncompromising, unmerciful, unforgiving, and censorious.[6] It was the label that counted. Men are ruled by names, and this is more particularly true of pious and respectable people.

One all-important item of information that loving readers of Seneca were bound to lack, and could not have learned in any handbook, was this, that Epicurean doctrines, already in ancient times, were circulating under Stoic labels, just as good Italian wines have circulated under French labels. A single example will be illuminating. For the reason that Epicurus denied the immortality of the soul, it followed with an inexorable logic that such a definition of happiness must be discovered by him as would be compatible with mortality. This problem he solved with his customary acumen. Starting from the assumption common to Greek philosophy that happiness depends upon the attainment of wisdom, he required of his disciples to habituate themselves to think of this attainment as a singular achievement bringing a singular pleasure that was incapable of extension in time.[7] No specific exegesis of this doctrine has survived in the extant texts, but we might suggest as an illustration the ascent of a difficult mountain peak, which, once accomplished, need never be done again by the same individual.

Seneca reported the doctrine with perfect understanding. According to Epicurus, the man who had once attained to wisdom had achieved the maximum of happiness, and, even if he lived to all eternity, could never increase the joy of this singular experience.

This brilliant conceit was introduced by Seneca into the literature of consolation. He devoted an entire letter to it,[8] deftly acclimatizing it in his own Roman environment, yet dropping no hint of its Epicurean origin. Marcus Aurelius, another Roman who cultivated the warmth of Epicureanism under the drab robe of Stoicism, also fondled this comforting reflection.[9] It was from Seneca, however, that it came into English literature. This fact is revealed by an item peculiar to his version, the simile of the tree. To most of us the sentiment has become familiar from the stanza of Ben Jonson that begins,

> It is not growing like a tree
> In bulk, doth make man better be,

and concludes,

> In small proportions we just beauties see;
> And in short measures life may perfect be.

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[6] Cicero, *Pro Murena*, 31 (65).
[7] *Principal Doctrines*, 19 (Bailey, p. 99).
[8] *Epist. Moral.*, XCIII.
[9] *Meditations*, VI, 49; IX, 33; XII, 36.

To the knowledge of others it may have come from the first line of a not unfamiliar hymn:

He liveth long who liveth well.

In the last century the appearance of the *Meditations* of Marcus Aurelius in a new translation afforded occasion for the publication of an essay by Matthew Arnold,[10] who saw in the pious Emperor "perhaps the most beautiful figure in history." "What an affinity for Christianity had this persecutor of the Christians!"[11] "That which gives to the moral writings of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius their peculiar character and charm, is their being suffused and softened by something of this very sentiment whence Christian morality draws its best power,"[12] and this power he defines as the ability to supply "the emotion and inspiration needful for carrying the sage along the narrow way perfectly, for carrying the ordinary man along it at all."[13]

When Arnold proceeds by specific citation to make good this thesis the very first item of evidence adduced is the Emperor's tender declaration of gratitude to parents and tutors.[14] Unluckily, however, gratitude was not a virtue of the Stoics, to whom all tender feelings were suspect as likely to deflect the individual from the rigid line of the rational life. Distinctly Epicurean, on the contrary, it certainly was, for by the same inexorable logic of which we spoke before, the denial of immortality at once excluded the Christian privilege of postponing happiness. Man, being mortal, possesses but one opportunity for happiness, according to Epicurus, that is, here and now in this earthly life, and the secret of happiness, he declared, consisted in feeling continuously grateful for blessings past and present and hopeful for the future.[15] Gratitude to teachers in particular was an Epicurean specialty, being taken over, perhaps, from the beautiful Hippocratic oath, because Epicurus looked upon himself as a doctor of souls. Hence each of his disciples, like the physician's apprentice, entered upon the relationship of a grateful son to a beneficent father. It was no conventional compliment when Lucretius addressed Epicurus as *pater*.[16]

Another item of evidence cited by Arnold is the "incomparable" Emperor's testimony to precious lessons learned from the Stoic Claudius Maximus: "cheerfulness in all circumstances as well as in illness; *and a just admixture in the moral character of sweetness and dignity*."[17] The italics are Arnold's. To speak first of cheerfulness, even the least informed of readers would hardly ascribe this virtue to the Stoics, whose founder was "the sour and scowling Zeno," a grim and scolding pulpiteer of the breed of Savonarola and John Calvin. It was Epicureanism that was the cheerful philosophy:

[10]W. J. Oates, *The Stoic and Epicurean Philosophers* (New York, 1940), 593-610.
[11]*Ibid.*, 610. [12]*Ibid.*, 595. [13]*Ibid.*, 594. [14]*Ibid.*, 599, 606.
[15]N. W. DeWitt, "The Epicurean Doctrine of Gratitude" (*American Journal of Philology*, LVIII, 1937, 320-8).
[16]*De Rerum Natura*, III, 9-13.
[17]Oates, *The Stoic and Epicurean Philosophers*, 604.

"Wear a smile while you practise your philosophy,"[18] was one of the master's favourite maxims, and the record of his cheerfulness and serenity in the last painful hours of his life is set down for us in the reluctant testimony of his detractors.[19]

Even less comforting to the partisans of Stoicism will be the true account of the combination "sweetness and dignity." This was not new; the Latin for it was *comitas* or *suavitas cum severitate*, and two centuries before the time of Marcus Aurelius the historian Cornelius Nepos had eulogized the Epicurean friend and confidant of Cicero, Titus Pomponius Atticus, for this very combination of virtues.[20] By *severitas* both Epicureans and Romans meant absolute truthfulness apart from all pretence, mental reservation, or consideration of persons. As for *suavitas*, this was not a virtue of Rome except so far as Epicureans introduced it there. It was one of their specialties. Their preference was to be persuaders of men, to lure and attract them to happiness. All argumentation and disputation was denounced by Epicurus as futile and pernicious; he called the dialecticians "wholesale destroyers."[21] The Stoics, on the contrary, boasted of their prowess in dialectics; their preference was to argue men down and denounce them.[22] They combined, not "sweetness with dignity," but censoriousness with a devastating brand of logic.

These three examples of gratitude, cheerfulness, and sweetness and dignity will suffice to illustrate the circulation of Epicurean virtues under Stoic labels; the number could be greatly increased. How such a falsification could have prevailed so long it is not difficult to explain. Until a year so recent as 1887, when Hermann Usener's *Epicurea* appeared, there was no scholarly edition of the few extant writings of Epicurus, and none at all of the fragments. Until a more recent date, 1925, when the translation of Diogenes Laertius by R. D. Hicks in the Loeb Classical Library came to publication, there was no version in English of scholarly grade, and this edition, of course, lacks the *testimonia*, the fragments, and the Vatican Collection of eighty-one Epicurean apothegms discovered in 1888. Only in the following year, 1926, with the publication of Cyril Bailey's *Epicurus*, for the first time was the English reader furnished with a fairly complete text, translation, and sensible notes.

If the question be raised, how this false estimate of Epicureanism and Stoicism can still prevail even today, the answer is an easy one: modern criticism is still cribbed and confined by the limitations of a long, long tra-

[18] *Vatican Collection*, 41 (Bailey, p. 112); Horace, *Epist.*, I, iv, 16.

[19] Hermann Usener, *Epicurea* (Leipzig, 1887), frag. 138; Bailey, frag. 30, p. 127.

[20] *Life of Atticus*, 15: "comitas non sine severitate neque gravitas sine facilitate": N. W. DeWitt, "Epicurean Suavitas" (*Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada*, XXXII, 1938, 41-8).

[21] Cicero, *De Finibus*, I, 7 (22); *Vatican Collection*, 45 (Bailey, p. 113); *Life of Epicurus*, 8 (Bailey, p. 147).

[22] Zeller, *Stoics, Epicureans and Sceptics*, 45-8 and chap. v; Horace, *Satires*, II, iii; see also note 6. Stoicism had mellowed by the time of Marcus Aurelius.

dition of detraction. The old labels still deceive. Not until the whole corpus of Epicurean material has been diligently reanalysed, redigested, retranslated, reinterpreted, and correlated anew with its ancient environment, shall we come to understand the true relationship of Epicureanism to the contemporary Greek world and to Christianity. Here it can be said only briefly and dogmatically that one great service of Epicurus was to lift the virtues out of the parochial framework of the little city-state and define them anew for an ecumenical setting. Let us take the single example of justice. To Plato and Aristotle, as to the Greeks in general, this was a virtue of the male citizen; it was inculcated by the laws, and its observance and violation were rewarded and punished by the state. Epicurus lifted it out of this framework and made it a virtue of all human beings.[23] In other words, he transformed justice into righteousness, and the authors of the New Testament felt no hesitation in taking over the Greek word with the meaning he had given it.

Yet Epicurus did not content himself with redefining old virtues. He elevated an imposing list of new virtues to something like cardinal rank, and these exhibit an ample overlapping with the virtues repeatedly inculcated by St. Paul: love, gratitude, cheerfulness, faith, hope, gentleness, reverence, piety, patience, and the like.[24] It is true that these were not entirely new, for the Greeks at least had names for them, but the emphasis was wholly new, and the new emphasis followed inevitably upon the extension of the sphere of human obligations from the little city-state to humanity at large. Moreover, this new ecumenical code of ethics had been permeating the Hellenistic world for full three centuries before the apostles of Christianity entered upon the stage; thus the Greek and Roman audiences had already been amply primed for the message of the new morality. Therefore, so far as the moral teaching was concerned, the task of the Apostles was not so much to furnish a new content of ethics as to revolutionize the motivation of conduct. Righteousness, for example, was defined anew as doing the will of God, but in substance it was still the same as in the code of Epicurus, dealing honestly and uprightly with one's fellowmen. The motivation alone was new.

Epicurus was roundly denounced by his fellow-Greeks for revamping philosophy into a non-political shape,[25] but this very feature of it brings it into the closest juxtaposition with Christianity, which was itself a non-political outgrowth of a political Judaism, reshaped for both Jew and gentile. If we eliminate from Christianity the plan of salvation, the area of coincidence between the two creeds is so extensive as to be shocking to our conditioned reflexes. To the neutral observer Epicureans and Christians

[23] *Principal Doctrines*, 31-8 (Bailey, pp. 102-5). Epicurus stressed the function, Christianity the motive, of justice or righteousness.

[24] The Epicurean list of virtues is ignored in all handbooks of philosophy. I have broached the subject in "The New Piety of Epicurus" (*Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada*, XXXVIII, 1944, 81.

[25] Plutarch, *Against Colotes*, 33-4 (1126e—1127e).

seemed to stand side by side and apart from other sects by taking their names from their founders, Epicurus and Christ. Both followed a personal leader. Both leaders were called saviours. Both of them defied the privileged classes of the countries of their origin and addressed their message to the multitudes. Both preached the deceptiveness of the worldly prizes of wealth, fame, and power.[26] Both preached the golden rule.[27] Both declared it more blessed to give than to receive.[28] Both exalted love and goodwill and both declared that the true friend will die for his friend.[29] In fine, it need cause little surprise that the Christians consistently denounced the Epicureans; Christianity could succeed only by superseding Epicureanism.

Yet the parallelism between the two movements was by no means confined to the content of their ethical teachings. Their methods were also similar. The fact that Epicurus had already founded schools in Colophon, Mytilene, and Lampsacus before settling in Athens had made of him a great letter-writer. These letters were genuine pastoral epistles and always enjoyed biblical authority among his disciples. They must have furnished a model to Saint Paul for the very cogent reason that no other model existed. Moreover, both sects renounced the existing educational systems and created their own didactic literature and schools. Epicurus also set a pattern in matter and method for Hellenistic Christianity by requiring his disciples to learn their lessons by heart and in particular to memorize his *Principal Doctrines*, veritable Articles of Faith.[30] Juvenile pupils in Epicurean schools were called "students in preparation" (*κατασκευαζόμενοι*)[31] and for this term the Christian word "catechumens" (*κατηχούμενοι*) was a synonym and a substitute. In one lone respect it was the Stoics who displayed a similarity in method: they were preachers; the Epicureans never preached. Yet for this practice the Apostles needed no model; the Jewish prophets had been preachers.

There is still ample room for research into the real significance of Epicureanism in classical culture and in church history alike.

[26] *Vatican Collection*, 81 (Bailey, p. 119) and often.

[27] Justice, defined as a covenant to refrain from injuring one another, implies the golden rule (see note 23). Cf. *Vatican Collection*, 15 (Bailey, p. 109).

[28] Usener, *Epicurea*, frag. 544. Cf. *Vatican Collection*, 44 (Bailey, p. 112).

[29] *Principal Doctrines*, 27: "Of all the aids that wisdom acquires for the happiness of the complete life, by far the greatest is the possession of friendship." Cf. *Vatican Collection*, 52; *Principal Doctrines*, 28.

[30] *Life of Epicurus*, 12 (Bailey, p. 149).

[31] Philodemus, Περὶ Παρρησίας (A. Olivieri, Teubner, Leipzig, 1914), index.

PACIFIC PEACE AIMS

DONALD COWIE

AT the end of 1943 President Roosevelt, Mr. Churchill, and Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek met in Cairo and resolved: (1) that China should eventually have restored to her all her lost lands from Manchuria to Formosa and the Pescadores; (2) that Korea should regain her ancient independence; and (3) that "Japan should be stripped of all the islands in the Pacific which she has seized or occupied since the beginning of the first world war in 1914."

Not only is it remarkable that such a clear statement of peace aims should have been made at such an early period in a war conducted by uneasily-partnered democracies (we still have not resolved openly upon our plans for Europe, though the military conflict there is nearly over). It was also without precedent that nations at one side of the world should define with such precision their political intentions towards vast territories in remote and largely-unknown regions at the other side.

It is, for example, inconceivable that the Briton or American who lacks considerable personal experience of the Orient can fully appreciate the magnitude of those Cairo plans, or their strategical and political significance. Korea—what is that? Surely no more than a little, jutting peninsula somewhere off the coast of China. What are the Pacific island possessions of Japan but a splattering of insignificant atolls north of Australia? Some detailed elucidation may accordingly be valuable.

No attempt shall be made to deal with Manchuria and other Japanese conquests on the Asiatic mainland proper, or with those territories from Hong Kong to Bûrma and the Philippines to Sumatra which our enemy has won for himself during this war. They have been discussed frequently enough, and their politico-strategic significance is, to a certain extent, understood. Consider, however, the mandated islands of the central Pacific, whose occupation by the enemy dates from the last war.

They consist of four groups: the Carolines and Marshalls, the Palaus and Marianas (or Ladrones), which comprise in all some fourteen hundred islands. Most conveniently for strategic purposes, they lie within a basin between Japan in the north, New Guinea in the south, the Philippines in the west, and various British and American groups in the east. The Japanese had to travel some 1,200 miles to reach them, the Australians 1,800 miles, the Philippinos 590 miles, and the Americans from Hawaii 2,000 miles. Such facts reveal the positive military value in this region of an archipelago which was originally explored and developed by the Spanish and British, sold to Germany last century, then placed in the care of Japan as mandated territories under the League of Nations after the Pacific enemy had occupied them as our ally during the last war.

The total land area of the islands is only 1,500 square miles, so that they cover little more than one square mile apiece, though the average is made up of many still smaller dots and a few really large ones. With the exception of Ponape, a big island with thick vegetation and some remarkable prehistoric ruins, they comprise an uninteresting and often sterile archipelago. They produce some tropical crops, and phosphates are found at Angaur in the Palaus, but nobody would fight to retain them on intrinsic, economic grounds. It took the Japanese to convince the world that they had another value.

First, demonstrated the Japanese, the tangled variety and number of the islands makes them peculiarly suitable for secret air-naval bases. Second, the position of these groups, plumb in the centre of the Pacific basin, enables such bases to be used for the air-naval control of all the waters and skies from Japan to New Guinea and from the Philippines to the Gilberts. Thus the enemy established his most important base within the atoll of Truk (a great coral reef enclosing a lagoon with small islands within) which is situated almost at the dead centre of all the groups.

Truk has developed anchorages and facilities for the accommodation of an entire navy if necessary, and it is believed that a large part of the Japanese navy was based at Truk until we moved too close for its comfort. The atoll has been transformed, against all the rules of the League Mandates Commission, and considerably to the astonishment of innocent American and British politicians, into a veritable Portsmouth of the South Seas. Geographical epicentre of most of the great typhoons in this part of the Pacific, though nearly always calm itself, Truk was pivot of all military operations in these islands. It was eventually by-passed without immediate capture by the American forces.

It was thought at first that these forces would need to advance doggedly across the Pacific from island stronghold to stronghold, from the Marshalls in the east—with big battles at Jaluit and Mili—then attack northwards from New Guinea via the solitary but convenient (if heavily fortified) atoll of Kapingamarangi or Greenwich Island. And it was considered that after a bloody fight for Truk it would be necessary to master successive garrisons on the many islands of the Palaus, stretching towards the Philippines, before starting to reduce the strong Marianas—and the big bases at Saipan and Tinian—which would at last lead northwards towards Japan. Actually our allies, with bold if not revolutionary strategy, made for the Marianas direct, leaving innumerable Japanese strongpoints in the south to be mopped-up at leisure. They were able to do this because the Japanese air-naval power had been so reduced that it could no longer be committed irrevocably south of Japanese home waters. The strategic value of the islands was not diminished thereby: and, if the entire archipelago is fortified and garrisoned in American and British hands (the term British covering Canadian, Australian, and New Zealand), an effective scheme of Pacific control can be based thereon.

Long before the present war Japan considered that the retention and military development of the Pacific "mandates" was essential to her security, but also found it essential to fortify certain other overseas territories, among which Korea and Formosa were outstandingly conspicuous. The map shows how Korea guards the southern entrance to the Sea of Japan, and how Formosa, with adjoining islands, stands sentinel just at that point where the trans-oceanic routes reach the sea zone of Japan proper. Both, in their way, are essential Gibraltars to a Japanese Empire, and as such they were acquired.

Korea (or Chosen) admittedly descends as a rugged peninsula of even width from Manchuria, and its inhabitants closely resemble the Chinese. For centuries till 1910, however, it was an independent nation, suffering the vicissitudes of, say, a Poland, but retaining throughout its own aspirations, customs, and monarchy. Chinese, Tartars, Japanese had at various times occupied the country and exacted tribute, but Korea was a distinct member of the family of nations till Japan acquired overwhelming power in the locality from successful wars with China and Russia. Then the "Hermit Kingdom," always unwarlike and materially backward, accepted the suzerainty of the most unpleasant of her neighbours.

The Japanese immediately set to work with their ant-like energy to develop Korea into a Gibraltar indeed. But they had more than a rock here. The country itself is twice as big as Portugal, with thrice the population. In configuration it more nearly resembles Scotland, being about the same width though nearly twice the length. "As plentifully sprinkled with mountains as a ploughed field with ridges," Korea lies in such a position that it can be regarded either as a dagger pointing at southern Japan or as a highway from Japan to the heart of northern China.

The Japanese proclaimed, perhaps rightly in terms of power politics, that the control of Korea was as essential to their security as was the control of the Channel ports in time of war to Britain, or of Finland to Russia. But they were not content to hold the "Hermit Kingdom" as a bulwark. After developing the excellent harbours of Gensan on the east, Masampo on the south, and Mokpo, Chemulpo, and Chinampo on the west coasts, they built railways to link those towns with the capital, Seoul, and proceeded at the earliest opportunity to use Korea as a means of swift military access to Manchuria.

Meanwhile the chief industries of cotton and sericulture, agriculture and the production of salt were goaded into prosperity, and Japanese mining engineers found and developed mineral deposits about which we still know little. Meanwhile also, however, neither blandishments nor oppression would alter the resolution of the outwardly soft Korean people; and today, among all the territories controlled by Japan, this is probably the only one which can boast a population aching communally for independence in a manner analogous to that of the conquered European

countries. Thus it can be understood why the Cairo Conference promised independence to Korea—as the gift to which it was entitled, and as an excellent means not only of retaining close control over nearby Japan but also of maintaining a buffer between those volcanic isles and China.

Before that happy state of affairs is brought to pass, it will be necessary for allied armies to clear China and Manchuria, and to secure air-naval control of the Yellow Sea and Sea of Japan—also to fight another Italian campaign in a very similar country down a continuous backbone of easily defensible mountain barriers.

Korea may accordingly come last on the Pacific programme, as against a Formosa (Taiwan) which might well be an early objective of an expedition from the Philippines.

Formosa is an island as big as ten Trinidads with a population of backward aboriginals twice that of New Zealand. It was an integral part of China till 1895 when taken by the Japanese as a trophy of the Sino-Japanese War, so it must be returned to China even though the native inhabitants are not Chinese and the old China did not bother to develop the island. All such work has been done by the Japanese, who have built a railway from the northern port, Keelung, via the considerable town, Taihoku, to the capital, Tainan, and the port of Takao in the south-west. Nearly 5,000 miles of roads have been built, and industries characteristically developed, chiefly salt, tobacco, tea, rice, sugar, and mining.

But once again all this has been done with a sinister purpose, and it is as Japan's fortress-outrider across the shipping routes leading to China that Formosa must be conquered and maintained in Chinese hands. The island is mountainous and afforested, but contains alluvial plains in the north and south which would be the obvious target for invading forces, and which doubtless contain several good airfields from which Japan, only 800 miles away, could be bombed on the Berlin scale.

First, simultaneously, or afterwards, the liberators would take the Pescadores, also promised to China at Cairo. They are a group of forty-eight small islands between Formosa and the mainland, with a total population of no more than 60,000 backward peasants and fishermen who are much harassed by the typhoons on whose exact track they unfortunately dwell. The Pescadores would obviously be of no importance but for their situation, which makes them a perfect stepping-stone, as well as a means of controlling the straits, between China and Formosa. They also form the first link in a chain which runs from China via Formosa and the Ryukyu Islands to Japan itself. They would play an important part in an invasion of Japan from the south.

It can now be seen how, once these territories are reduced and garrisoned by the forces of democracy, Japan will be as helpless as a Britain deprived of Gibraltar, Malta, the Suez Canal, Ireland, and control of the Channel ports. It may also be seen, however, that much will depend upon

the way we develop Japan's lost bastions afterwards, and on how we fit them into a bold and statesmanlike scheme for the control and policing of the entire Pacific area.

Moreover, it may be appreciated from the descriptions given that these territories are something more than distant marks on the map, and the consummation of our strategy will not be attained without much sacrifice and lengthy fighting.

LETTERS IN CANADA: 1944

Edited by A. S. P. Woodhouse

THE survey this year is presented exactly as it was last year, except that it has been found possible to include the whole of it in the April issue. The falling off in the amount published in the English-Canadian and New-Canadian fields, as a result of the war-time activity of our writers, the paper shortage, and other difficulties in publishing, is self-evident. Accordingly, no introduction is necessary, but merely the usual acknowledgments. We are indebted, as always, to the Editorial Office of the University Press and to the University Library, to the contributors not on the editorial board, and this year to the zealous work of Madame Krystyna Zbieranski in assembling the books produced in French Canada.

I. POETRY

E. K. Brown

After the *Collected Poems* of E. J. Pratt, reviewed at length in the January number of the Quarterly, the most important contribution to the *corpus* of our poetry in 1944 came from Mr. Abraham M. Klein. Mr. Klein was one of the six represented in the anthology *Poems by Several Authors* (1936); and four years later a collection of his verse *Hath Not a Jew . . .* came out in New York. Perhaps because the anthology did not circulate very widely, and the collection was published by an American house, Mr. Klein has not been as well known in Canada as the merits of his poetry require. It is perhaps unfortunate for the growth of his reputation at home that the two volumes he has given us in 1944 were brought out in the United States. *The Hitleriad* seems to me the less valuable of the two. It is a Byronic poem, a rich mixture of satire and burlesque, in which Hitler and his associates are impaled on the twin spears of laughter and derision. The double effect is not as strong as the poet hoped; the satire does not reinforce the burlesque, nor the burlesque the satire; rather the lines are clouded by the varying intent. Almost all Mr. Klein's verse leaves an impression of haste. It is not a wholly unfortunate impression: it suggests spontaneity, intensity, conviction; but the advantages are bought at the high price of more than occasional carelessness, and the careless details are not always successfully carried by the vigour and colour of the general effect. In his *Poems*, especially in the first section, his Psalms, his work is more careful than it has ever been. In "Psalm IV", subtitled "A psalm of Abraham, touching his green pastures," he has attained an exquisite purity of note:

> From pastures green, whereon I lie,
> Beside still waters, far from crowds,
> I lift hosannahs to the sky
> And hallelujahs to the clouds,

Only to see where clouds should sit,
And in that space the sky should fill,
The fierce carnivorous Messerschmidt,
The Heinkel on the kill.

They'll not be green for very long,
Those pastures of my peace, nor will
The heavens be a place for song,
Nor the still waters still.

In his Psalms—there are thirty-six—he is remarkably varied both in topic and feeling, and he has usually found appropriate forms. The forms I should question are, for instance, in Psalm VI (where the rhythm fails to rise to the height of the feeling) and Psalm X (in which the idea is not adequately embodied). Compared with the characteristic poems in *Hath Not a Jew . . .*, most of the Psalms have a sobriety and tranquillity of expression which comes as a surprise in Mr. Klein's verse. The second group in the collection, "A Voice Was Heard in Ramah," resembles more closely what Mr. Klein has given us before. The choruses in "Ballad of the Thwarted Axe" are marked by those brilliant unexpected but wonderfully suitable images which abound in Mr. Klein's treasury, for instance:

The blade that's eaten by the flint
The better eats the bone!

or

Headsman, headsman, catch that breath,
That is as sharp as lime!
O, it will eat away the limbs
Of any judge's crime.

In this second instance Mr. Klein's known power to remake a nursery rhyme for grave and even frightful meaning appears once again. The third part of the collection consists of a single long narrative in Spenserian stanza, "Yehuda Ha-Levi, His Pilgrimage." The poem is splendidly romantic, and has that high colour and sharp impetuosity that we look for in Mr. Klein, but the details lack the finish and aptness that distinguish his Psalms, and the antiquation of language is not maintained with the patient skill that alone could justify its introduction today.

Not far below Mr. Klein's work may be set Miss Dorothy Livesay's *Day and Night*. Although I believe that her preoccupation with radical conceptions of social reform has narrowed her vision as a poet—and has made her one of our least dependable critics—no one could read her new collection and not find in it passages of an excellence which outruns any intellectual synthesis. Sometimes it is the rhythm that seizes on one:

Are you waiting?
Wait with us
After evening
There's a hush

Use it not
For Love's slow count:
Add up hate
And let it mount.

What a threatening flood is just held back by those thin and nervous lines! Sometimes it is the images which pounce out; few revolutionary poets have found to express their sense of the present phase of society an image comparable with:

> We are asleep on the long limb of time.

Many other images are there to remind us that a part of Miss Livesay's sensibility does not live in the fetid slums, or in megalopolis, or in the mechanized society of her ideal future, but just in wind and sun and rain as she has known them in rural Ontario or British Columbia. Turning from the details of her work to the passion that gives it much of its rush and colour, we must pay homage to a revolutionary creed fiery enough to form striking aesthetic expression. Still it is true, I think, of most of her verse, as of most of Mr. Auden's, that it lacks that opulent wholeness of being that marks great poetry, Mr. Eliot's and Keats's, and in our North American terms, Mr. Pratt's. The great poet's vision is not narrow, but extremely broad; his variety is informed by a unity that no poetry can have unless the whole of life is seen as greater than its parts, greater than the sum of its parts.

Flight into Darkness, Mr. Ralph Gustafson's collection, notably beautiful in format as all his volumes are, is less easy to appraise than Miss Livesay's work. None of our poets is more concerned with minutiae, and yet it is in craftsmanship that his main limitation comes. Most of the more carefully wrought poems in this volume are extraordinarily lacking in music. To illustrate this charge it would not be fair to quote single lines, and indeed it is only by the reading of whole poems that its full force can be felt, such poems as "Crisis," "The Valiant," and "Lyric Sarcastic." My space does not allow for such extended quotation; but it may be that these stanzas will suggest the shortcoming:

> You shall harvest (moths circling the moon)
> And you shall still work a work with your hand
> But you shall say This harvest's bitter
> The fingers blunt.

And even more:

> What brink and bastion bound can make
> Against the common sea delays
> Of dart and dazzle, crumple rake
> Of sun off earth's cornice, rays?

With Mr. Gustafson these things do not happen by chance; and it is therefore right to insist that, for some sensibilities at least, there is an unredeemed harshness and roughness in passages that he has carefully considered. Mr. Gustafson's language is usually dense; his lines and phrases carry an unusually heavy freight of meaning and suggestion; and the emotions he arouses have a way of fading out obscurely (but also quickly, an odd combination). I should say that *Flight into Darkness* is the most difficult volume of verse to come from a Canadian in the decade

since these surveys began. Still the difficulty is not in all the poems, and in some even the quickest reader will find a disciplined and smiling charm.

The contributors to *Unit of Five* are Miss P. K. Page, and Messrs. Louis Dudek, Ronald Hambleton, Raymond Souster, and James Wreford. The book has not the unity its title claims for it. Miss Page and Mr. Souster are relatively simple poets with a strong sense that the present social order is unendurable. Mr. Souster has much more frankness and volume than Miss Page; he states his resentments and compassions as readily as Sandburg or Masters; and indeed his rather old-fashioned warmth reminds one of the earlier practitioners of free verse in the United States. It is impossible to read him without emotion. Miss Page is much more tense and clipped; she relies on implication, but what she implies is always easy to grasp. Although to each of these writers no more than a dozen pages have been assigned, an effect of monotony comes before their verses have been read through. I do not think that the monotony can be ascribed to the forms they use, or to their imagery, but it may well come from the starkness of the responses they make to the world in which they define themselves; they merely keep on stating or suggesting that it is a bad world, that it dulls life, that they pity the victims and hate the machine. Given a greater range either Miss Page or Mr. Souster might develop into a significant poet. Mr. Dudek is the bridge between them and the other contributors. He has variety in theme and tone; sometimes he is as simple and perhaps half as warm as Mr. Souster; sometimes he is as enigmatic and as crammed with unfocussed imagery as Mr. Hambleton. His variety seems to be experimental: I do not find any core of unity within it, the mark of a strongly feeling, clearly thinking personality. In Mr. Hambleton's work, and even more in Mr. Wreford's there is the complication and the (I have no doubt deliberate) unmusicalness which come into so much of Mr. Gustafson's verse. Now and then, as with Mr. Gustafson, the complication and the unmusicalness are thrust aside and the energy of their intelligences, the vitality of their imaginations are revealed.

II.

Among the books remaining the most interesting is Mr. Dick Diespecker's *Between Two Furious Oceans and Other Poems*. The title poem derives from Whitman, and abounds in evocations and eulogies of aspects of the Canadian scene. Here, and in the long poems following there is energy and flow, but without that philosophic curiosity and that power to picture in a word which were so strong in Whitman and lent a poetic tone even to most of his catalogues. In his short poems Mr. Diespecker is definitely mediocre; but if he could attain concentration and sharpen his pictorial power, in longer works he might achieve effects of great interest. He is the best of the new voices of the year. Mr. Joseph Schull acquired a more than ephemeral reputation by his *Legend of Ghost Lagoon* (1937). His new book, *I, Jones, Soldier* is a narrative with flashbacks in a spare

concentrated idiom, all too close to the usual level of estimable prose. The gravity of his subject—the history of a soldier's career during this war—has confined Mr. Schull whose highest qualities, as the *Legend* showed, were in fancy and humour. His poem is, however, the best of the war poetry of the year. *Barbed Wire Ballads*, by Lieutenant Tom Melville, comes to us from *Oflag* VII/B, and was written piece by piece "to whittle away a few hours of a monotonous existence." A pleasure in writing as well as reading verse in the Kipling-Service manner, is more common among young Anglo-Saxon males than most people realize. W. H. Drummond rather than Kipling or Service is the master of Squadron Leader Carroll McLeod, the author of *Dat H'ampire H'air Train Plan*, a set of seven ballads marking the crises in an airman's career. In the texture this verse is really very unlike Drummond's, especially inferior perhaps in the rhythms; but in the over-all effect there are vestiges of Drummond's charm.

Except It Die, by Mr. Elkin Lamb, impressively printed and decorated with Blakelike full-page illustrations by the author, is a visionary record, the sense for language unfortunately falling far below the level of the noble ideas and feelings the poet is groping to formulate. *Ypnos*, volumes III and IV, show Dr. William Dobree Calvert in a less mystical or visionary state than their predecessors. His verse continues to be extremely uneven, and inevitably the large number of weak and unshaped poems damages the effect of the few which are superior. That Dr. Calvert can achieve delightful verse the following dialectal stanza will establish:

> Ha-done! Ha-done wi bellerun,
> Hodmedods an nippadors,
> Swiffs an meece an clapperclaws,
> Liddle gells a-hollerun.

For the gloss the reader is referred to Dr. Calvert.

Among more conservative poets perhaps Mr. Arthur S. Bourinot, in *Nine Poems*, is the most agreeable; in "Now Is the Earth Made Glad" there are charming couplets. In *Candled by Stars*, Miss Jean Waddell deals with many of the themes of romantic poetry, but in an unoriginal fashion. Only when a poet's rhythms and images are stamped with something peculiarly his own can writing on these themes produce the shock of poetry. Although the themes in Miss M. Eugenie Perry's *Canteen* touch on war, the interest is rather in the handling of a woman's impressions and contacts, subtly altered by the background of war. The language, like Miss Waddell's, is deficient in creative vitality. *Lanterns in the Dusk*, by Laura Nixon Haynes, is quiet musical verse, marked by religious feeling. *Jeunesse and Other Poems*, by Kenneth Knatchbull-Hugessen, introduced by his father, is a memorial volume. The author died in 1942 at the age of seventeen. The best pieces in the group have a brightness and an integrity of feeling that sets them among the more promising sort of undergraduate verse. As Senator Knatchbull-Hugessen wisely says: "It is impossible to say whether his poems were the early indications of a talent

which would have continued to grow and develop with the years, or whether on the other hand they were only an adolescent's need of self-expression which, as time passed, would have taken other forms."

On *Roses in December*, by Edna Jaques, it is unnecessary to comment in this place beyond remarking that it is exactly like the earlier collections from the same pen.

It remains to speak of the "Ryerson Poetry Chap-Books," this year a somewhat disappointing batch. Most of the pieces in Mrs. Elsie Fry Laurence's *Rearguard and Other Poems* do not rise above the average of verse in the women's magazines, though the title piece has a warmth and music that sets it off from the rest. *Legend and Other Poems*, by Miss Gwendolen Merrin, is quiet conventional verse. Mr. Austin Campbell, in *They Shall Build Anew*, achieves a predominantly rhetorical effect. Sister Maura, a practised poet, is more original, but in *Rhythm Poems* she drops far below the level of her best work. The most satisfactory of the group is an elder poet, Professor Frank Oliver Call, from whom little has come during the past decade. His thirteen *Sonnets for Youth* have a balanced and mellow beauty without the intensity that marks the best work Mr. Call has done. The quality can be measured by the closing lines of "Frozen Garden":

> Only one word, one voice, one quickening breath
> Can wake this garden from its dream of death.

CHECK-LIST OF TITLES

Bourinot (A. S.), Nine poems (Toronto, Ryerson, 12 pp.). **Call (F. O.)**, Sonnets for youth (Ryerson poetry chap-books; Toronto, Ryerson, 8 pp., 50c.). **Calvert (W. D.)**, Ypnos, vols. III and IV (North Vancouver, Dr. W. D. Calvert, 1849 Moody Ave., iv, 45 pp.; 33 pp., mimeo.). **Campbell (Austin)**, They shall build anew (Ryerson poetry chap-books; Toronto, Ryerson, 7 pp., 50c.). **Canadian Authors Association, Montreal Branch, Poetry Group,** Poetry year book, 1944, edited by Leo Cox (Montreal, The Association, Leo Cox, 1009 Laird Boulevard, Mount Royal, P.Q., viii, 31 pp., 50c.). **Diespecker (Dick)**, Between two furious oceans and other poems (Toronto, Oxford University Press, x, 91 pp., $1.50). **Gustafson (Ralph)**, Flight into darkness (New York, Pantheon Books; Montreal, Jonathan David Co., Box 204, Stn. H., 96 pp., $2.25). **Hambleton (Ronald)** ed., Unit of five: Louis Dudek, Ronald Hambleton, P. K. Page, Raymond Souster, James Wreford (Toronto, Ryerson, xii, 87 pp., $2.00). **Haynes (L. N.)**, Lanterns in the dusk (St. Catharines, Falcon Printery, 22 pp.). **Jaques (Edna)**, Roses in December (Toronto, Thomas Allen, ix, 86 pp., $1.00). **Judge (M. P.)**, Kindredship and other poems (Vancouver, Clarke and Stuart; the author, 239, 10th St. E., North Vancouver, 30 pp., 75c.). **Klein (A. M.)**, The Hitleriad (New York, New Direction Books; Montreal, Jonathan David, Box 204, Stn. H., 32 pp., $1.25); Poems (Philadelphia, Jewish Publication Society of America, 82 pp., $2.00). **Knatchbull-Hugessen (K. W.)**, Jeunesse and other poems; with a memoir by his father (Montreal, Southam Press, 47 pp., $1.00). **Lamb (Elkin)**, Except it die (Toronto, Rous and Mann, 1945, 47 pp.); Things new and old (Toronto, Rous and Mann, 1945, 22 pp.). **Laurence (E. F.)**, Rearguard and other poems (Ryerson poetry chap-books; Toronto, Ryerson, 10 pp., 60c.). **Lewis (Fred)**, Immortality (Winnipeg, the author, 3 Kingston Row, St. Vital, Winnipeg, 28 pp., 35c.). **Livesay (Dorothy)**, Day and night (Toronto, Ryerson, viii, 48 pp., $2.00). **McLeod (Carroll)**, Dat h'ampire h'air train plan; illustrations by H. Rickard (Toronto, Macmillan, 88 pp., $1.50). **Sister Maura,**

Rhythm poems (Ryerson poetry chap-books; Toronto, Ryerson, 8 pp., 50c.). **Melville (Tom)**, Barbed wire ballads (Regina and Toronto, School Aids andText Book Publishing Co., 61 pp.). **Merkel (Andrew)**, The Order of Good Cheer: a narrative poem (Halifax, Imperial Publishing Co., 49 pp., $1.00). **Merrin (Gwendolen)**, Legend and other poems (Ryerson poetry chap-books; Toronto, Ryerson, 12 pp., 60c.). **Mutter (Jean)**, Mud-pup: a sequence in light-verse (Victoria, the author, 1009 Terrace Ave., 30 pp.). **Nash (A. C.)**, Songs of the seasons (Vancouver, Dunsmuir Printing Co.; the author, 1891 Marine Drive, Hollyburn, B.C., 40 pp.). **Perry (M. E.)**, Canteen (Vancouver, Clarke Printing Co.; the author, 1627 Wilmot Place, 20 pp., 35c.). **Pratt (E. J.)**, Collected poems (Toronto, Macmillan, xii, 314 pp., $3.00). **Purdy (A. W.)**, The enchanted echo (Vancouver, Clarke and Stuart Co., 62 pp.). **Robinson (H. T. D.)**, Sky ways (Toronto, Ryerson, 48 pp., $2.65). **Schull (Joseph)**, I, Jones, soldier (Toronto, Macmillan, viii, 62 pp., $1.75). **Tranter (Joy)**, A soldier's legacy (Toronto, Ambassador Books, 85 pp., $1.00). **Waddell (J. P.)**, Candled by stars (Toronto, Ryerson, x, 52 pp., $2.00). **Willsher (Ann)**, Stanley Park, Vancouver, British Columbia: spring, summer, autumn, winter (Vancouver, Clarke and Stuart Co., 4 poems, 4 photographs).

II. FICTION

J. R. MacGillivray

The amount of Canadian fiction published in 1944, though slightly larger than in two or three recent years, was much less than it used to be before the war. This was only to be expected. A similar falling off has no doubt occurred elsewhere. But it was especially to be anticipated in Canada where, for reasons often explored, few writers have been able to make a living by their art, and the creation of imaginative literature has largely continued to be the amateur occupation of leisure time now more difficult to find than ever before. The principal sensation of our literary season was the lavish *début* of Gwethalyn Graham's *Earth and High Heaven*, an event that for a day or two actually raised a Canadian novel to front-page notice in our newspapers, and evoked from even the most unbookish among the author's fellow-citizens a solid respect and enthusiasm for a native writer which they had not displayed since *Jalna* likewise won a large cash-award and the notice of American readers fifteen years ago. Of the other volumes in general there is nothing unusual to report. A few first novels show gratifying signs of promise, and about as many second ones do the same. Once more historical fiction seems to be the favourite *genre* of our writers, with other types of romance a close second, but the war (from the civilian's point of view) and social problems of our time have their place in one or two of the more serious works of the year. The first Canadian war-novel by an actual combatant in the present struggle has still to be published.

Earth and High Heaven has not only been the most advertised and most widely read of the books on our list; it has deserved this attention because of the real social problem on which it centres, the small group of characters who are the means of its imaginative projection, and the quality of style which alone would distinguish this novel from the others of the year. The general problem is anti-Semitism, not the vulgar type, cultivated by the

illiberal and the vicious for their own evil motives, but the more respectable and subtle variety which can influence our most ordinary social behaviour, and which commonly decent and reasonable people can carry in their minds without moral disquiet or any fear of harbouring the germs of the loathsome Nazi plague. The scene of the novel is Montreal, where three potentially antagonistic groups divide a great city, and where, to quote the witticism on the first page, each suffers from an irritating sense of inferiority, "the French because they are a minority in Canada, the English because they are a minority in Quebec, and the Jews because they are a minority everywhere." The time is 1942 at the end of our third year of war against "Hitler and all his works," and the particular problem is inter-racial marriage. The story follows the perplexed and painful "course of true love" when it is "different in blood," from the first meeting of Erica Drake (one of the Drakes of Westmount) with Marc Reiser (a Canadian officer and a lawyer—but a Jew) until three months later and just before his embarkation when they decide to marry, in spite of unresolved fears and the dubious acquiescence of their parents. The point of observation in the novel and the centre of awareness of the problem changes several times; not only does the author exercise her own conventional right as commentator upon character and situation, but we have passages of more direct self-revelation by Erica, her father, her sister, and Marc, for example in the latter's musing on his own life and the indignities suffered by his race as he listens to the celebration of Yom Kippur. Yet Erica is undoubtedly the most important person in the book, and the real centre of our interest. Here we have a sympathetic and convincing study of a generous, intelligent, and mature young woman, discovering depths of prejudice in the superficially liberal code of her class, bewildered by the experience, and thrown back on her own private resources, striving anxiously to do what is right, but without any formal religious or moral standards to give her assurance or direction. She is lonely and hopeless, in spite of her love. She alternately ignores and defies the silent grim-lipped opposition of her former fellow-spirit, her father. She is driven almost to distraction, and engulfs others in her misery. Meanwhile the time of Marc's departure draws near. There seems to be no escape from her dilemma. Then, to our surprise, on this tense and sombre emotional scene the author turns the rosy light of a conventionally happy ending. All family resistance collapses; they accept Marc sight-unseen; he gets an extra week's leave; Erica dries her tears; and there is to be a marriage after all.

Yet even the happy ending merely adds to our feeling of hopelessness about the central problem. We have been persuaded too well of the real, if perverse, facts of racial and quasi-religious antagonism in the first two hundred and seventy-five pages of the book to be convinced by the romantic solution in the last ten. Nor does the author herself seem very hopeful about it all. Like Housman in the poem from which the title of the novel is taken, she sees little prospect for a better world: "Earth and high heaven

are fixed of old and founded strong." Man is helpless, except to "endure an hour and see injustice done." And in this particular case the injustice is done when Marc Reiser would seem to have every advantage. He is an officer in the army, a respected barrister, and at least as good a Canadian as Charles Drake. He is intelligent, cultivated, and handsome. He is without a fault, and apparently has been since childhood. Nor should religion be much of a barrier. The Protestant Christianity of the Drakes is merely nominal. They already have a son married to a Roman Catholic, and a divorced and raffish daughter who can do as she likes for all they care. We can be as much surprised as Erica at her father's sudden, angry intransigence. To be sure we are given a few hints that Charles Drake may also be the prey of a deep and unrecognized sexual jealousy, but this possibility in the characterization is not exploited. His only certain twist of mind is the common one of judging most people as individuals, but condemning Jews as a class.

But there is more to *Earth and High Heaven* than the exposition in fictional terms of a long-insoluble problem of social relations. In spite of what has been said of the mood of hopeless futility which at times overwhelms the two principal characters, and the reader, there is plenty of comic relief. One remembers with pleasure passages of lively talk and witty descriptive comment, the slightly bedraggled but cheerful sophistication of Erica's sister, and the entertaining minor comedy in the editorial office of the Woman's Section of the *Post*. One also remembers the far from common satisfaction of reading a Canadian novel which is serious in subject, for the most part firm in structure, vigorous and flexible in style, and by an author whose literary capacities are not yet fully developed.

The Hollow Men by Bruce Hutchison, likewise a book about our own time, making social comment, and centring on a question of private duty, is much less successful as a novel. It attempts to combine political satire, interpretative reporting on recent public events, and a record of the restless wanderings of a British Columbia journalist who is always going off on some new assignment to observe the antics of the hollow men at Ottawa or Washington, when his heart tells him he should never leave the only really solid fellows who live in a parched valley up in the Cariboo country. There is interesting variety here, but it is largely unassimilated variety. Mr. Roosevelt's press conference the day Paris fell, Mr. Willkie's campaign-tour in 1940, impressions of the state of American or Canadian public opinion in those months, all vivid pages from what might have been, I imagine, Mr. Hutchison's memoirs, are interleaved with satiric sketches of feuding civil servants in Ottawa, evidence of the rather vague and aimless dissatisfaction of the fictional hero with himself and his times, and the story of his political manœuvres to get an irrigation project for the folks back home. It seems to me that *The Hollow Men* can hardly be called a novel at all, for it is without any real synthesis: memory and imagination

each goes its own way. My personal preference was for the excerpts from the possible memoir, which were often very good indeed.

To a lesser degree and in different terms the same complaint may be made about Lovat Dickson's *Out of the West Land*. It has a strangely complicated plot with three at first separate stories: of Richard Danby who comes out to Canada from England as a bright and independent young fellow to make his way in the New World; of the wealthy Ralph Harriman from the Foreign Office who visits Edmonton and falls in love; and of the prosperous Alberta farmer, Andrew MacTaviot, whose soft and impressionable daughter becomes engaged to both these young men, but escapes an unpleasant dilemma by marrying Ralph and reserving her favours for Richard. Mr. Dickson spent twelve years in Canada, first in Ottawa, later in the West, and he graduated from the University of Alberta. Plainly the novel draws heavily on memory, and Richard Danby and the author have many experiences in common. But memory can be a perverse guide for the writer of a novel. It may sometimes be untrustworthy about details; it is sure to offer a great deal that is of no real importance in a fictional pattern; and what is remembered vividly may be hard to combine and tone in with what is imagined. It cannot be said that Mr. Dickson has escaped these pitfalls. The book is overcrowded with names and events. As I have indicated, the plot is a kind of three-ring circus; you get a lot for your money, but it is a trifle bewildering. Actual memories of undergraduate life at Alberta and the portrait-sketch of the Professor of English in those days are followed by story-book adventures with Indians and grizzlies. The most curious lapse from reality is in the general description of the alleged nineteen-thirties of the story, without a sign of economic depression, with jobs plentiful for unskilled workers, with crowds of rich Americans handing out ten-dollar tips to the chauffeurs at Jasper, all this presumably because the author was in Alberta in the twenties only, and he forgot to alter conditions and submit his memory to his imagination when he changed the time by ten years. Yet the crowded variety, at least, of the novel may be a practical merit. Most readers will find something to please them. I was chiefly interested in a young Englishman's first impressions of the Canadian scene and character, and the process of gradual adjustment which made him one of us, at least for a time.

Three other novels may be grouped together: *All in a Twilight* by Allen Roy Evans, *Carrying Place* by Angus Mowat, and *The Master of the Mill* by Frederick Philip Grove. Each is different in its technique of revelation from the usual story, and hence of some special interest in a fictional literature that has for the most part been unexperimental.

Of these, *All in a Twilight* is the most successful. It is the life-story of a prairie farmer and his wife from the hardships of early pioneering days through a course of disappointment, drudgery, and the deferment of pleasures, until they win economic security, though not much else. The situation is first seen through the mind of the wife who bears her lot

patiently but yearns for a few luxuries and some rewarding tenderness which it is not in her husband's austere and preoccupied nature to give. The second part of the novel reconsiders the story from the husband's point of view in his more mellow old age, long after his wife's death, when his sons have left him, and his farm is shared with strangers. This second part, which is the greater test of the author's skill, is done surprisingly well, as the old man reflects on his past life, gropes toward understanding, and wins an affection from strangers which he had been too busy to seek from his family. Even more remarkable is the consistency of tone or mood in the fictional composition: "A common greyness silvers everything—all in a twilight." I suppose that this would never be a popular book, but the unconventional method of revelation and the sustained tone make it one of the more notable novels of the year. The plot-technique in Mr. Mowat's *Carrying Place* is also unusual, if not original, for he leaves us to piece the story together, as Conrad often does, from the partial and inconsecutive account of the enigmatic central character by several inquisitive observers. *Carrying Place* is as difficult to the ordinary reader as *Lord Jim*, but offers few of its compensations. The rector and his nephew, the narrator, work like a pair of private detectives to learn all they can about Eric Dalton; but their discovery that he had wavered between his wife and another woman, and the climactic revelation on the last page that once, when all three were involved in a boating accident, he had rescued his spouse and cracked the lovely Mona decisively over the head, seems insufficient reward for all their work, and ours. *The Master of the Mill* by F. P. Grove is likewise unusual in construction and pretty forbidding to the irresolute. Old Senator Clark, living in princely luxury, surrounded by a retinue of devoted retainers, looks out across his domain to the flour-mill which has been the source of his wealth, a wonderful structure that resembles an Egyptian pyramid from without and is the Factory of the Future over the Grand Central Terminal within. Then he begins to relive his whole life in memory, with incredible circumstantiality calling up conversations, scenes, or feelings, and helped from time to time by his feminine companions who have the same powers of detailed recollection. He becomes a trifle confused, however, in some of his memories (and the reader will sympathize), for the three women who were to have the largest influence on his life were by some baptismal oversight each named Maud. The mood is one of regret. The senator has tried to be a fine man and share the wealth; indeed he is almost a socialist in some of his views; but the domination of his less altruistic father and son, the appalling efficiency of the mill, and the shocking way wealth has of begetting wealth, made him a multi-millionaire in spite of all he could do. Among the strange scenes which linger in the memory one might mention those in the huge glass-walled gymnasium where the senator's lady and her friends take their exercise on the flying-trapeze, and any of those involving that wonderful old-time vamp, Sibyl, for example, when after a ball she drives down the street in

an open landau with six men toasting her in champagne. The literary editor of a Toronto newspaper gives his considered judgment that this book is "among the half-dozen best Canadian novels ever written," and the spokesman for Mr. Grove's publisher asserts on the dust-cover that it is "unquestionably his masterpiece." One naturally hesitates to dissent when persons who have read widely can be so sure, but it seems to me that the first holds far too low an opinion of Canadian fiction and the second is unjust to all of Mr. Grove's earlier, and often excellent, writing.

As in other years, historical romance has bulked large on the list, especially if one includes under that heading all novels of the past with any discernible points of historic reference. *Roger Sudden*, by Thomas H. Raddall, is the picaresque story of an outlawed Jacobite who turns up at the founding of Halifax, is carried off by the Indians and later joins the French, but becoming properly patriotic at the end, helps the besiegers to take Louisbourg. Mr. Raddall, even on the record of two books, is one of our very best writers in this *genre;* but *Roger Sudden*, though often vivid and rarely dull, seems a little trite and common in its conversation and description by comparison with *His Majesty's Yankees*. Another eighteenth-century story, by Evelyn Eaton, *In What Torn Ship*, about Corsica's heroic fight for independence against the Genoese, includes among its characters General Paoli, James Boswell, Carlos and Letizia Bonaparte, and ends with the conquest of the island by the French just before the birth of Letizia's warlike son. This is a grand subject, better than any which Miss Eaton has had before, and she does give a general impression of the rude, passionate, and indomitable people who were for a time the admiration of Europe, even if her characters hardly come to life and the narrative is frequently broken and confusing. "*And from that Day*" by Alan Sullivan also has a great theme, the events of a brief time before and after the Crucifixion, as seen from without by the Roman administration, garrison society in Jerusalem, the priests, and more particularly by Pilate's wife and her favourite beautician who are both impressed by the Galilean prophet. Mr. Sullivan does suggest the turbulence of the capital, its fierce and disguised passions, but in most of the conversation he seems to be striving to make history less forbidding to the common reader by showing that the ancients could be as vapid as the moderns ("How's the beauty business, Miriam? . . . I wish you'd come north and start a branch in Tiberias").

A more attractive example of the historical novel is *The Higher Hill* by Grace Campbell, a book to be recommended especially to the many readers who were delighted with her previous romance, *The Thorn-Apple Tree*. Indeed, the two works are so similar as to be almost indistinguishable in restrospect. In both the scene is Glengarry county at the beginning of the last century; the people are of Highland Scottish stock, living in a friendly and prosperous community under the genial supervision of the local minister; the idyllic peace is disturbed briefly, in this case by the

alarms and sorrows of the War of 1812; and the story leads up as before to the marriage, after some indecision, of the gentlest and most cultivated young woman in the neighbourhood to the most desirable and trustworthy young man, though they do build their new dream-house this time on "the higher hill" near a rowanwood instead of by a thorn-apple tree. Once more, it may be expected that the strongest appeal of this pleasant romance will be to women and even more to people whose roots are in Glengarry. The first may enjoy the sentiment, the cheerful decorum, the domestic emphasis, the satisfying glimpses into the housekeeper's ideal world of polished floors and "pine panelling rubbed to a mellow softness," of "snowy ruffled curtains" and "shining pewter and glass," of "smoked hams, boiled, then baked, and basted meanwhile with spiced vinegar and maple syrup." The second will vouch for the truthfulness to scene and character, to old stories and folk-ways, and to the rhythms of Highland speech.

Finally, among the historical romances may be included *The Building of Jalna* by Mazo de la Roche, about another sturdy race and fabled region of Ontario as famous now in fiction as Glengarry and her pioneers. This is the ninth book in the Whiteoak series, but the earliest in time. Historically-minded Jalnaphils may learn how Old Gran, as a young lady in the eighteen-fifties, left India with her handsome husband, baby Augusta, and the parrot, visited her old home in Ireland, and then set out for the New World to build a great house, fill it with children, and prepare the scene for the eight novels we already know. *The Building of Jalna* is mainly a book for people who cannot have enough of a good thing. There are a few incidents to rouse briefly the languid interest of the satiated, for example, the visit to the amusing, quarrelsome, and frowsy-genteel Courts in Ireland, and the fortunes of the hunted refugee, Wilmott, pursued across land and sea by his relentless wife; but most of the book is for persons whose pulses beat high at the very thought of the building of Jalna, who find everything fascinating that the Whiteoaks ever did, for whom there is no music like the imperious tones of the lovely Adeline or the screech of Boney, the parrot, swearing in choice Hindustani.

The remaining books on the year's list may be grouped together and considered still more briefly. The most attractive is *Mountain Cloud* by Marius Barbeau, the story of a fur-trader's marriage to an Indian woman, but raised far above the average romance of the old West by the author's lucid style, his knowledge of Indian customs and religion, and his unobtrusive way of incorporating this knowledge in the fictional scheme. *The Transplanted*, the last novel by Frederick Niven, in which he follows the contrasting fortunes of six slightly interdependent people who move to British Columbia about forty years ago, is too shaky in structure, too pallid in characterization, and too slight in theme to warrant comparison with his infrequent best writing. The strangest story of the year, *The Sun and the Moon* by Judith Cape, about the youth and marriage of a young woman who lived under the fear of recurrent supernatural spells during which her

soul seemed to leave her body or she unwittingly stole powers from her artist-lover, may seem absurdly fanciful in the general description, but is remarkable for the calculated juxtaposition of the convincingly common and the fearful, and for occasional success in evoking a sense of mental terror. *Keep Your Quilt, Mary Ann* by Maude Hill Beaton, the involved story of a poor girl from Grand Manan who, thanks to a beautiful quilt and her skill at cooking fish, comes triumphantly through many hardships, publishes a cook-book, and becomes upper-crust herself, is cheerful and folksy, but not much else. *The Devastator* by Arthur Stringer, on the mating of a popular tenth-rate lady novelist with a Handsome Hunk of Man from Hollywood, is meant to be aloof and satiric in its view of meretricious night-club society, but neither the subject nor the treatment seem very important. The one novel for boys which I have seen, *Phantom Fur Thieves* by Charles Clay, is just a good example of the book that combines plenty of northern adventure with lots of authentic woodlore. Finally, the only crime-story to reach me, *Fire Will Freeze* by Margaret Millar, about the terrifying adventures of a choice group of eccentrics thrown together at a winter resort in Quebec, seems rather less frantic and grotesque than her previous horrors, but with cadavers in a snowbank, in a trunk, and perhaps under the coal pile, it is still a fearsome story to be written (according to the dust-cover) by a typical young faculty-wife while "her four-year-old daughter, Linda Jane, is at nursery school."

CHECK-LIST OF TITLES

Barbeau (Marius), Mountain cloud; ill. by THOREAU MACDONALD (Toronto, Macmillan; Caldwell, Idaho, Caxton Printers, 300 pp., $4.00). **Beaton (M. H.)**, Keep your quilt, Mary Ann (New York, Margent Press, 249 pp., $3.00). **Bernhardt (Clara)**, Song of Zion (Grand Rapids, Mich., U.S.A., Wm. B. Eerdmans Publishing Co., 185 pp., $1.25). **Campbell (Grace)**, The higher hill (Toronto, Collins, 320 pp., $2.75). **Cape (Judith)** *pseud.*, The sun and the moon (Toronto, Macmillan, 200 pp., $2.25). **Clay (Charles)**, Phantom fur thieves (Toronto, Ryerson, x, 248 pp., $3.00). **De la Roche (Mazo)**, The building of Jalna (Toronto, Macmillan, x, 382 pp., $2.75). **Dickson (Lovat)**, Out of the west land (Toronto, Collins, 446 pp., $3.00). **Eaton (Evelyn)**, In what torn ship (Toronto, Musson, 262 pp., $3.00). **Evans (A. R.)**, All in a twilight (Garden City, N.Y., Doubleday, Doran, viii, 214 pp., $3.00). **Graham (Gwethalyn)**, Earth and high heaven (Philadelphia and New York, Lippincott, 288 pp., $3.00). **Grannan (M. E.)**, Maggie Muggins; drawings by NANCY CAUDLE (Toronto, Thomas Allen, iv, 40, $1.50). **Grove (F. P.)**, Ths master of the mill (Toronto, Macmillan, iv, 393 pp., $3.25). **Hutchison (Bruce)**, The hollow men (New York, Coward-McCann; Toronto, Longmans Green, 280 pp., $3.00). **Millar (Margaret)**, Fire will freeze (N.Y., Random House, vi, 225 pp., $2.50). **Mowat (Angus)**, Carrying place (Toronto, Saunders, 318 pp., $3.00). **Niven (Frederick)**, The transplanted (Toronto, Collins, 310 pp., $2.75). **Raddall (T. H.)**, Roger Sudden (Toronto, McClelland; New York, Doubleday, Doran, viii, 358 pp., $3.00). **Stoddard (Charles)**, The Killer of Fort Norman: a Malloy of the Mounted story (New York, Arcadia House, 256 pp., $2.00). **Stringer (Arthur)**, The devastator (Indianapolis, New York, Bobbs-Merrill; Toronto, McClelland, 198 pp., $2.35). **Sullivan (Alan)**, "And from that day" (Toronto, Ryerson, xiv, 195 pp., $2.25). **White (S. A.)**, Northwest crossing (New York, Phoenix Press, 256 pp., $2.00).

III. FRENCH-CANADIAN LETTERS

W. E. Collin

I

A surge of doctrines offering themselves as remedies for the world's social and economic ills; the advent of a new "national" historian; the publication of a remarkably good first novel depicting life in a working-class community: these are the principal features of 1944.

The Church in French Canada has for some years now taken an active interest in social and economic problems. From the two encyclicals on "the condition of the workers" and "the restoration of social order" prominent writers, churchmen and laymen, have extracted a Catholic social doctrine, a body of "Christian principles," which they believe can solve our social problems. The Abbé Clément Baribeau's book, *Leçons sociales dans la lumière des encycliques pontificales*, Father E. Delaye's *Éléments de morale sociale*, Professor P. E. Bolté's *Staline et Pie XI*, numerous tracts published by Fides and the "École Sociale Populaire," all speak a common language: the "priority of the spirit," "the dignity of the human person," "the Christian order," "justice" and "charity," "the rights of the family"; and they advocate one remedy: a guild system such as obtained in the Middle Ages but adapted to the needs of the twentieth century, a corporative organization of professions supervised by the State in the interests of the common good. The critical tone of this doctrinal literature is anti-liberal, anti-communist, and authoritarian. "Authority," writes M. Baribeau, "must be strengthened by the re-establishment of an organic social body favouring order, fraternal charity, mutual aid and collaboration among men; human liberty must be directed by the return of religion to institutions so that hearts may be turned efficaciously towards God, the principle of all authority and all true liberty." His book is useful for the notes it gives on the history of the Church's intervention in social questions, in Europe and in Quebec. M. Bolté's is particularly devoted to a defence of "the human person" against communism. It begins: "At the present time bolshevist communism constitutes not the most immediate but the principal danger for the human person and society. His Holiness Pope Pius XI, aware no doubt of the force of national socialism, in 1936 declared: 'The first peril, the greatest and most general, is certainly communism in all its forms.' " This is the origin of the title M. René Bergeron gives to his book *Le premier Péril*. M. Jacques Maritain's role in these discussions is unique. In a radio talk included in *Le Catholique devant la guerre*, he speaks of a "new Christianity" and identifies freedom and democracy with Christian ideals. Besides the usual language of "the sense of the dignity of the person and the heroic ideal of fraternal love" we hear: "the Christian ought to be everywhere and remain everywhere free," "this name democracy is merely the secular name of the ideal of Christianity."

Father J. P. Archambault gives us a practical example of a "mediaeval corporation adapted to our times." In *Silhouettes de retraitants*, designed

to propagate the idea of religious exercises as preparation for Catholic action and combat, he describes the industrial establishment of Philibert Vrau, a Christian employer who saw in each of his workmen a man endowed with a soul and burdened with the responsibility of a family. No haughty attitude, no inhuman orders, but a respect for the human person, his dignity, his physical and moral well-being. Here was a man who had a revelation of a Christian society of workers sixty years before the publication of the encyclical *Quadragesimo anno:* savings banks, mutual aid, maternity welfare, sickness, old age, workers' dwellings, etc. "A Christian employer is not content with giving his workmen what their labour as men and fathers demands. He interests himself in their life, associates himself with their joys and sorrows, does not hesitate to help them in their moral or financial embarrassments; in short, he considers them as members of his family and surrounds them with paternal affection."

Although, as M. Baribeau notes, the social encyclicals do not say a word about co-operative organizations as such, Catholic sociologists have studied and favoured the co-operative movement as being in conformity with the doctrine of the Church. M. Baribeau devoted a short chapter to it in his book. The development of the movement is reviewed at length in a publication by the Superior Council of Co-operation entitled *L'Inventaire du mouvement coopératif.* It is a kind of general balance sheet showing the progress of the movement in Quebec during the last forty years. *Initiation à l'humain* is a short work by M. Victor Barbeau—Charles Gide was the master "who converted me to the human"—describing the development of the first French-Canadian consumers' co-operative, the *Familiale*, of which he is the president and founder. The Social Centre of the University of Ottawa, by the way, has inaugurated a correspondence course in Social Reconstruction. A first series of lessons, on the "Necessity, Notion and Principles of Co-operation," containing *questionnaires* and important bibliographies has just been issued.

M. Jean-Marie Nadeau has published two works, *Entreprise privée et socialisme* and *Horizons d'après-guerre*, in which he studies the economic problems of the future. M. Nadeau favours liberal capitalism and combats those doctrines of the C.C.F. which are opposed to private enterprise. He sees Canada as a great exporter of wheat and stock and as an immense factory. The war is a vast political, economic, and social revolution in which the stake is man's liberty before the State. Our foreign policy rests upon our internal unity, unity in diversity. Socialism, however, is authoritarian and centralizing by nature. Between a totalitarian political economy and a liberal or democratic political economy he prefers the second. He has this in common with the religious leaders of the province: he sees that we shall have to institute a régime "capable of reconciling authority and respect due to the human person and his liberty of action," but unlike them he sees the solution, not in corporations, but in a return to a controlled liberalism.

M. Pierre Ricour's vision of the future is that of a philosopher who brings what he calls man's exploit, his labour, to bear on the idea of collective humanity's progress toward perfection. In *La Conquête de la paix* he expresses the opinion that no law, metaphysical, biological, or spiritual, justifies war. We are at the end of a cycle of wars and, since we need each other, it is possible to achieve that ideal of universal fraternity first preached by Stoics and Christians. Man's labour is a unifying effort which reproves secular hatreds, jealous defence of one's inheritance, demands the abolition of the class struggle, and desires the end of the struggle between peoples, so that the whole of humanity may be gathered together in one effort of peaceful conquest. "This human communion, which is an inexhaustible source of power, must permit man's work to exercise its role of bringing about the realization of a kind of cosmic communion with nature, to the profit of humanity . . . and so the law of personal growth is fulfilled: the grandeur of man by his solidarity with the human community." This conception, standing apart from the usual global conceptions characterized by an implicit belief in the power of organizations, has the virtue of touching the definition of man as a person having something to do in the world.

II

Concurrently with this flood of speculation on the future, there has been a flow of historical writing dealing with the past of French Canada. M. Hector Garneau is publishing a revised edition of the monumental work of his grandfather F.-X. Garneau, *Histoire du Canada*, first published a hundred years ago. In the present edition, based on the fourth edition of 1882, the editor has replaced notes and appendices with brief references and an up-to-date bibliography. Certain passages have been eliminated, portraits of principal characters added, and more attention has been given to religious matters. The circumstances which prompted the writing of this history are well known. Garneau himself wrote: "If my book survives me I want it to be the manifest expression of the acts and intimate sentiments of a people whose nationality is exposed to the hazards of a struggle which promises no hope for many people. I want to stamp upon this nationality a character which will make it respected in the future." The five volumes already published bring the story down to the battle of the Plains of Abraham.

Two new volumes in M. Robert Rumilly's *Histoire de la Province de Québec*, volumes XII and XIII, are entitled: "Les Écoles du Nord-Ouest" and "Henri Bourassa." They deal with events in the years 1905-8 and the information, as in previous volumes, is taken largely from newspapers. One has the feeling, especially in the last volume, of the pettiness of provincial politics. Perhaps the important points are: the province at this moment "entered all sails set into the industrial era" and the various projects of "Catholic Social Action"—"the St. John the Baptist associations for men, the A.C.J.C. for young people, the St. John the Baptist Federation

for women, embodied the French-Canadian people in the essential aim of maintaining their Catholic character. . . . Mgr. Bégin pressed the Abbé Paul-Eugéne Roy to found 'L'Action Sociale Catholique' which was to rouse, encourage, and federate the works of Catholic propaganda in the diocese of Quebec and launch a daily newspaper." The aims and the spirit which animates Catholic action may be studied in *Spécialisation et unité en action catholique*, a symposium, *Manuel de la J.A.C.*, and numerous other works. In the same series as the *Histoire*, Valiquette has brought out a new edition of M. Rumilly's *Papineau*, first published in Paris in 1934.

Among the industrial developments mentioned by M. Rumilly are the Shawinigan Falls power project, the development of the School of Agriculture at Oka, the creation of technical schools, and colonization. The story of the first of these projects is told in an illustrated volume entitled *L'Épopée de Shawinigan*, due largely to the pen of M. Gérard Filteau, the well-known author of *La Naissance d'une nation* and *L'Histoire des patriotes*.

In *Notre Maître le passé*, the third volume of a series, the Abbé Lionel Groulx deals with such historical subjects as the departure of Maisonneuve, the apostolic intention of the French kings ("colonize in order to evangelize"), two mystics of New France (Marie de l'Incarnation and Catherine de Saint-Augustin), Frontenac who, besides great qualities, had others which reduced his stature (he was "one of these intellectual libertines who intimate the approach of the eighteenth century"), Madeleine de Verchères, the role of the fur trade in the economy of the colony, the religious situation in Canada about 1840, annexationism ("an idea launched at Montreal in 1849"), Papineau, and the riot of 1849 at Montreal. M. Groulx's tone is oratorical, hortatory, and compassionate: he refers to "our little Catholic people" and asserts that Lord Durham "sacrificed a small people to voracious imperialism." If this historian defends France it is not the France of the enlightenment but "the oldest daughter of the Church and the great apostolic nation of modern times." His first concern is with "the life of the little Catholic people of Lower Canada," "the future of nationality," "the peril of the Catholic faith." As he looks out over Montreal he sees two cities: one the image of servitude, disorder, death—the hideous modern city; the other, Ville-Marie, image of the primitive Church, a city of belfries and teaching institutions from which luminous routes branch out taking French-Canadian missionaries to all parts of the globe. What enchantment! The Abbé confesses that the secret of God's designs is beyond him. To what ends, he asks, has God permitted or willed the expulsion of the Catholic nations, France and Spain, from North America? Why this half of the hemisphere given up to the omnipotence of Protestantism? Why the extraordinary extension of Anglo-Saxon power throughout the world? He interprets French Canada's attitude to America and Britain in terms of "a resistance to every form of imperialism," a "risk of losing their religious and national individuality," their "will to follow their own destiny," and their will "to remain in their country and live a

life of their own," their "dream of an independent Canadian republic on the banks of the St. Lawrence." Whatever reaction a reader may feel to the Abbé's ideas he cannot remain unimpressed by his dramatic vision: Frontenac dancing before the Indians, a tomahawk in his hand; the mystic city of Ville-Marie during the annual fair, a conglomeration of savages, colonists, soldiers, merchants, gentlemen in breeches and lace exchanging beaver skins for bric-à-brac from France and consuming liberal quantities of brandy.

The most interesting phenomenon we have to record in this section is the rise of a disciple of M. Groulx to a position of authority as a national historian. After a brilliant career as a student M. Guy Frégault, now professor of history at the University of Montreal, has this year published two volumes: *Iberville le conquérant* and *La Civilisation de la Nouvelle-France*. They explore two phenomena of French-Canadian history: the taking root and the expansion of French civilization, the work of colonizers and conquerors. Behind an imposing façade of erudition—both works are preceded by exhaustive lists of reference works—the author's plan is to interpret the story along nationalist lines. Occasionally he stands on the defensive. In *Iberville le conquérant* his aim is to show that everything holds together in this conqueror's career, represented up to now as a series of brilliant feats of arms or military triumphs. This he attempts to do by establishing the facts, "the lines of force" of his hero's twenty years' labour for New France and the environment which gave initial impetus to his career. But the principal fact is that the "first great Canadian," by conquering Hudson Bay and founding Louisiana, realized in the eighteenth century a dream of French America first outlined by Talon in the seventeenth. In the second volume M. Frégault studies a period of national exhaustion and bankruptcy, 1713-45, in which the great bases were laid for the national future, a period of peace in which Canadians had a chance to develop their personality. By the Treaty of Utrecht, New France lost the best victories of Iberville and the eastern bastions, but she was not conquered since she did not accept defeat. Vaudreuil sent out the call: Profit by the peace to fortify Canada. M. Frégault's story is how she did this: by increasing her population, cultivating her land, forests, mines, and foreign trade, by her political ideas and her grasp of fundamental realities: liberty and the dignity of the human person, by her seigniorial system and her spiritual energies. The third chapter, "Under the sign of absolutism," is a retort to Parkman's remarks on "Canadian Absolutism" in *The Old Régime in Canada*. M. Frégault agrees that the régime was absolutist and paternalistic, but differs with Parkman in his view of the consequences. "Volition enfeebled, self-reliance paralyzed—the condition, in short, of a child held always under the rule of a father," said Parkman. The régime maintained order, inculcated justice, and protected the liberties of the people, says Frégault, and the existence of institutions like the Jesuit College at Quebec proves that the people were not ignorant. They had

little share in government, he admits, their role being limited to executing orders. Some governors did inaugurate vexatious measures, but certain regulations did not lack wisdom. The seigniorial system was one aspect of the state-cult of order. It was not based upon money, or nobility, or birth, but upon "the utility of an individual or a group." Seigniors and tenants, the two basic elements of this particular type of feudal society, were useful elements and the régime "was not established to permit a privileged class to live on the work of a lower class but with a view to endowing the country with the economic and social organization which suited it." This is the weakest chapter in the book. There is little to prove that "human dignity found its account in such a society"; little to show that it was good to live in a society governed by the formula "Service to God, Service to King." In a mood of contradiction he destroys the impression of order he is seeking to create, by picturing a people of inflexible will resisting authority and escaping into the forest. M. Frégault, like M. Minville, believes that the life of a nation is the realization of a governing and ordering idea. On one point he is in perfect agreement with Parkman, that "one great fact stands out conspicuous in Canadian history—the Church of Rome." It organized society into parishes, abolished heresy, kept faith pure and doctrine whole; its missions were a civilizing influence. What he says of cultural values does not so much refute Parkman as change the tone of the picture to the mood of Messrs. Amadée Gosselin and Lionel Groulx which expresses admiration at the magnificent results obtained with the poor means at the disposal of priests and nuns. M. Groulx, who proposed the subject, seems also to have proposed the perspective: the personality of a people developing under the power of an idea; of a paternalistic régime based on the concepts of Church, order, justice, humane culture, and usefulness.

The Seminary of Quebec, "heir of the thought of Mgr de Laval and guardian of his tomb," has presented a new and revised edition of the Abbé Auguste Gosselin's *Mgr de Laval*, first published in 1901.

M. Pierre-Georges Roy, a member of *Les Dix*, who last year went through the *Anciens Canadiens* and *Les Mémoires* of P. A. de Gaspé collecting and commenting on many interesting items, has this year published two volumes of historical gleanings entitled *Toutes petites Choses du régime français*, a storehouse of short anecdotes and legends drawn from historical and literary sources, and the seventh volume of a series, *Les petites Choses de notre histoire*, collections of studies which appeared for the most part in *Les Cahiers des Dix* and *Le Bulletin des recherches historiques*.

The collection "*Les Anciens*" is to contain ten short biographies of the patriots of 1837. *Duvernay, le magnifique* and *Chénier, l'opiniâtre* were the first two to appear. M. Émile Falardeau adds a third: *Prieur, l'idéaliste*.

The historical society of New Ontario at Sudbury has published three more brochures in the series "*Documents historiques*." Number four contains the history of three villages, Chelmsford, Conistan, and Chapleau;

number five deals with pioneer families, and number six is the story of the founders of Sault Ste. Marie. Another historical society, that of the Saguenay at Chicoutimi, has brought out *Les Oblats au Saguenay* by the Abbé Victor Tremblay. Brother J. Alphonse Richard's *Historique de la paroisse de Saint-Sebastien de Beauce* (1869-1944) is the history of a small parish in the Eastern Townships. *Chroniques des plus anciennes églises de l'Acadie*, by the late Father Pacifique de Valigny, "apostle to the Micmacs" and historian of Acadia and Gaspé, is a history of the churches at Bathurst, Pabos, Restigouche, River St. John, and Memramcook.

M. Esdras Minville, director of the School of Higher Commercial Studies of Montreal, is an economist who believes that the economic problem is only one aspect of the larger problem of national life. One part of his labour consists in making the people aware of the natural resources of the province. To this end he has sought the help of collaborators in the preparation of vast compilations of information, the last of which is entitled *La Forêt*. Another task he has set himself is to instruct the people in their correct attitude towards these resources. In every case it should be based on those French-Canadian national values of which he spoke in *Invitation à l'étude*. This year, when the problem of vocational guidance has figured so prominently in people's minds, he studies the vocation of business. Business, he says, is not a profession, but a social function. The man with an aptitude for business, the sign of which is a desire to get rich, is to be trained with a sense of national interests; in the exercise of his vocation he will spontaneously choose the line of conduct which is best suited to the spirit of French-Canadian culture and civilization. M. Minville's thinking, which is in keeping with that of the religious leaders of the province, looks to the improvement of conditions among the working classes and envisages an economic superstructure on a co-operative basis within the social framework of corporations or guilds which, he believes, answer the needs and means of French Canadians. Once the French Canadian has a just conception of the role of business, once he realizes that wealth is an instrument of power by which he can create work, comfort, and progress, his attitude to the business world, hitherto one of fear, will change. These are the views expressed in his new book *L'Homme d'affaires*.

III

The inhuman side of the economic conquest of the city by business and professional men is studied in a novel by Mlle Geneviève de la Tour Fondue, *Monsieur Bigras*. Bigras, brought up on a farm which falls to his elder brother Omer, comes to Montreal and after various disappointing attempts to make his way becomes a clerk in a hardware store. One Sunday in early spring he stood with Herminie, the proprietor's daughter, on Mount Royal and, seeing the stages by which he might climb to the top of the business world, asks her to become the wife of a rich man. Herminie accepts. The couple eventually reside in Outremont. But Herminie realizes that Bigras

does not exist any more for her, that he lives for his business, that all the children know of their father is to be found in the city directory. Returning from a ball one wintry night, Herminie falls in the snow, catches cold, and dies of pneumonia. The tragedy of the father recommences with his boy Romeo who, pricked with the desire to succeed, needs Yvonne to help him. He is going to revolutionize the business world by casting off the baggage of traditions and by being American. Meanwhile, a change has taken place in the father. He buys a farm near Omer's place. We are told that he obeys the call of the city only to be able to buy land to which to retire. To possess the land is what gives sense to business and publicity. Blood, race, native soil are stronger than adventure and conquest. It is a lesson we are taught by means of an art which is often rather crude, in which the mechanics of the plot are more apparent than the author's ability to make us know her characters intimately.

Mlle Adrienne Maillet's *Un Enlèvement*, just as artificial in its articulations, is another story of business life. As in her last novel, Mlle Maillet is a torturer of men, protesting they have tortured her. It is a story of a business girl's revenge on the father of her illegitimate child, Marc Sandoux, manager of the Columbia Aircraft. Françoise, who marries Paul Barnes, head of a rival firm, is able to humiliate Sandoux, take her daughter away from him, and to change her father's intransigent attitude. There is a lesson behind all this: indulgence towards others; we are not to judge, not to imagine that we shall not need others, and we are to inspire love in our children and win their confidence.

M. Florent Lautrin's *Erres boréales* is a futurist picture of the industrial age and a brilliant *tour de force* of language. Following their normal line of progress towards the north a race of New Frenchmen, imposing their rugged and untamable genius on the machine, have exploited the quarries and waterfalls of Labrador and supply the world with heat, light, and electricity, now that coal is exhausted. Here people come to collect fabulous metals as they sought for gold in the old days in the mountains of Ophir. Sumptuous homes dot the landscape, the horizons are pierced with spires and high chimneys, the air swarming with airships. It is a fantastic fairyland of geological landscapes shot with strange mineral lights, glints from a perpetual *aurora borealis* which fills the northern sky.

Marie de l'hospice is a collection of simple stories of country people, revealing the blind forces which direct their destinies in a strange and tragic manner. "I saw red and picked up the hatchet," says Maria. Old "Father Couleuvre" believed he had swallowed an adder and was found one day in his cabin with a bullet through his stomach where "his adder" was biting him. The village folk spoke of Dr. Papillon's "famous remedy which gave them such beautiful dreams." But Dr. Papillon was a morphine addict and drugged his patients. He was found dead at the foot of a tree, his instruments scattered around him, his body bearing signs of atrocious suffering. And so they go. In these stories Mlle Madeleine Grandbois

takes us wandering before she brings us to the physical tragedy we learn to expect in the end. With this tragic sense and a gift for peasant speech her art would hold us better if it fixed our attention on the sinuosities of each crisis.

After the stories in *Adagio*, M. Félix Leclerc gives us a collection of fables, *Allegro*. But, unlike La Fontaine's little masterpieces, these fables are short stories in which animals and insects teach us the lessons of life and sing hymns to the Creator.

The best fiction this year is found in the first works of two young writers: Yves Thériault and Roger Lemelin. M. Thériault's *Contes pour un homme seul* take us out of the world of French-Canadian preoccupations altogether and into a world of primitive instincts, a remote country village by the sea that reminds us of Giono's primitive world. His creatures are instincts rather than persons. It is for this reason that Thériault, instead of naming them, gives them symbolical titles. "Le Troublé" hears a flower make a sound. In love with it, he wants to hug it because one loves by hugging, and he goes along the road plucking and crushing all the flowers, crying "I must kill what I love." Because he loves ants he feels he must take them in his fingers one by one and crush them. "If I love I kill." So he plunges the ploughshare in Vaudoux's horse. So he fills a sack out round and long with the flesh of pretty Annette. "Simon-la-main-gourde," a farmer, listens to his hired man Prosper repeat an old saying: "This year the wheat will be beautiful because the earth has drunk the blood of man," then turns up Prosper's trouser leg, slits a vein, so that his human blood may fertilize the earth as he draws the plough gently through it. The blacksmith "Angoisse-de-Dieu" goes crazy, locks his door against all comers, and makes the God he had been seeking, a well-oiled machine, of wheels and levers that will not work until Judith his wife curses it and spits on it. Then the machine starts to revolve and burns up the shop. The last story takes us to a lumber camp. It is not a matter of hating the boss, or organizing a strike or a co-operative. In "The tree and the spring" it is a question of the ancient feeling for trees that makes Frenchy run in the way of a splendid spruce he felled. This tree and spring were the confused image of something that haunted his mind. "This spring and this tree and this Druid, this hereditary influence coming from the forests of Gaul. This feeling that haunted the ancient generations. To kill today what yesterday in the calendar of the centuries he still worshipped." Frenchy did not know what possessed him, but it was a primitive passion that drove him to kill the thing he adored. An altogether new tragic note in French-Canadian literature!

M. Roger Lemelin's *Au Pied de la Pente douce* is a picture of life in a working-class district at the foot of the Gentle Hill in Quebec. Society here is made up of two parties: the *Soyeux* (Smoothies), the superior private-school class of bourgeois, pious spinsters, and boy choristers, the *curé*'s angels; and the *Mulots* (Field-Mice), the workers, known to the

Smoothies as Communists who, if they can read, read serials in newspapers, who are moved more by the myth of regular employment than by political principles, somnolent when the sermon touches on "nationalism." Over all the priest for whom the parish is the world. Our interest centres upon two families of *Mulots*. Joe Boucher, employed at the grain elevator, comes home with his pockets full of grain to give to his chickens. One of his boys, Gaston, is withered by disease while dreaming of happiness. Denis, nineteen years old, who aspires to be a writer, the poet of the underdog, makes a point of recording the bubbling life of the parish. Tit-Blanc Colin is a drunkard: "beer haunted his head with explosions." His son Jean is Denis's rival for the love of Lise Lévesque, daughter of a *Smoothy*, flower of the parish, and dies of an incurable disease. "The good Abbé Bongrain was accustomed to seeing these incurable diseases in the Field-Mice end up with resignation in the Lord." In this atmosphere of squalor, accordions, cackling chickens, church-building, bingo parties, boxing matches, political clubs, Sunday picnics, incurable diseases, and a naïve belief in miracles, M. Lemelin presents a drama of adolescence, youth matched against squalid living conditions and the humility of ignorance. It is the spectacle of aspirations towards a higher life, a dream of heroism ending by absorption into the squalid environment. Denis, who wins a prize for his novel, is absorbed into this parish where life is refractory to progress, refusing any change, intolerant of those who would make it beautiful, where only the priests are listened to and all eyes are turned to them. He thought of setting up a grocery business to create for himself a superiority protected by the air-tight closure of the parish. He spends his talent writing advertisements. This *dénouement*, which may be in keeping with the quick passions of the workers, appears to the reader as too abrupt, and is due to M. Lemelin's theory of adolescent tragedy, itself a product of his Flaubertian will to wring the neck of his romanticism. Adolescents who have not yet known love believe they are almost gods. Then love comes, the fluid horizons of heroism become defined, incarnated in a woman, essential element of society, who reduces them to their simplest terms. For a while they strive to find the lost horizons in dreamy eyes, a woman's caresses; but of a sudden they realize that their pretentions to heroism are lost forever and the price they pay for their illusions is absorption by society. So the hero is penetrated by cowardice, knowing that woman is waiting for him and society will absorb him. M. Lemelin simulates acceptance of this life, but to curse it, to reveal the ridiculousness of dreams of superiority and national pride, the futility of heroic aspirations. This ironic gesture distinguishes him from the regionalists, the priestly caste, the novelists of the Catholic social order. M. Lemelin's is the first novel in French Canada to be written from the point of view of the workers. Its density of human incident, the fidelity of its reporting, its acute analysis of feeling, its vivid dialogue, and its biting satire are all signs of maturity which make it a landmark in the history of French-Canadian fiction.

New and definitive editions have appeared of M. Savard's *Menaud, maître-draveur* and François Hertel's *Mondes chimériques* and *Leur Inquiétude.*

IV

The most important essay in the field of literary criticism is *Connaissance du personnage* by M. Robert Charbonneau, author of one of the outstanding novels of recent years, *Ils posséderont la Terre.* In the first chapter M. Charbonneau is principally concerned with the problem of artistic creation. The others are studies of novelists and dramatists: Bernanos, Dostoïevski, Mauriac, Duhamel, Romains, Claudel, Ibsen, O'Neill, Bernstein. *Personnages* are "autonomous beings endowed with a conscience and will of their own," men and women in whom the author studies the human drama, which he defines in these words: "Sin is the source of the human drama, original sin and the traces it leaves in us . . . . It is the struggle of man against himself, against his inclination to sin or the bonds and the obstacles which oppose his happiness or pleasure, or his struggle against God." Here, says M. Charbonneau, is the fountain-head from which the novelist will draw his matter, whether Catholic or unbeliever. "A novelist must forcibly be occupied with evil, because drama is always born of disorder, even the inner drama of sainthood which is the combat of grace against one's instincts, of the supernatural over nature." In so far as writers possess the power to reveal this inner drama they are creators. "There is not in all these dramas of Claudel any personal conflict." Bernanos and Julien Green are creators. Duhamel reconstructs beings; he does not know them from within; he writes *chroniques.* His characters lack "this spiritual density of created beings." "Creation is worked out in the depths of ourselves; reason never has any part in it; it is the work of intelligence alone . . . . It depends on a mysterious power which some of the greatest writers, like Gide, have not found in themselves, perhaps because they sought it with their reason." M. Charbonneau owes a good deal to Mauriac's work. His conception of the human drama reveals his affinity with that master of sinful states of conscience and defines his status as a religious writer. What we find interesting is his conception of creation as an art inside the novelist or in us, *un acte entier* by which man overtakes himself and reveals a corner of his spiritual physiognomy. Such acts are rare because in society we make reservations and comparisons. They may have their roots in childhood. But these revelations are the objects of a novelist since he must reach into the hidden springs of human motives. In this way his characters find in us that knowledge and sympathy M. Charbonneau calls *correspondance.*

M. Guy Sylvestre also is concerned with the problem of artistic creation. Viewing our "human condition" in terms quite different from those of M. Charbonneau, his work is not permeated with that writer's pessimism, his dark sense of tragedy; looking upon art as a creation of beauty and joy,

he approaches his subjects sympathetically, trying to discover what enduring quality there is in them. With *Sondages*,* a collection of essays ("What is art?," "Digression on the image," "The aesthetic ideas of Henri Ghéon," "Henri de Régnier," "Paul Valéry," "Louis Aragon," "Raymond Radiguet," "De Montherlant," "Lawrence of Arabia"), M. Sylvestre closes his literary *débuts*. His work up to now has marked him as a sympathetic critic and a profoundly religious man. He sees the artist engaged in the god-like role of creating beauty for our joy. In this last book one senses something like a change. The problem of creation which he expressed in terms of communion and personal engagement, realization of Being, Love, he now expresses in terms of our "human condition." In contrast with M. Charbonneau he understands this as a dual tendency towards the absolute and the acceptance of our limits rather than as a struggle between evil and grace. "Born for God but incapable of attaining Him here below, able to love Him in Himself without grasping Him perfectly by his knowledge, man inhabits this place of mystery in which he sees things as in a mirror." And he is able to speak of the "most perfectly human poetry," that of Claudel, for example, as found in a balance of this tendency and this acceptance and of "the great drama of Mallarmé and of Rimbaud" as a "temptation of eternity." "The poet must learn his limits, his carnal condition." Perhaps a long contemplation of our human condition may yield the secret of artistic creation; perhaps it may have been discovered by the scholastic philosophers. Who knows? But the critic will hold our attention, not by words like "knowledge and love," and "the balance between form and matter," but by his vigilance, his soundings in the living waters, his revelations of experiences in which men have truly lived, loved, suffered, and known joy.

M. Séraphin Marion continues to give us the results of his searches among the files of early literary journals. The novel, he tells us, was regarded by Quebec literary critics of the nineteenth century as useless, immoral, evil. Étienne Parent, the first great journalist of Quebec, put his readers on guard against the dangers of novels and serial stories and ranted against the futility of such things when there were forests to fell, fields to cultivate, factories to build, a great work of civilization to be accomplished. When it is tolerated, the novel is looked upon as an inferior kind of art, with no higher purpose than to amuse the public, flatter its instincts. There was a literary snobbism that voiced antipathy to everything native. As regards the quality of the criticism, Joseph Marmette, author of *L'Intendant Bigot*, is reproached for the concrete details of his portraits, his personage's costume, colour of his breeches, form of his jerkin. M. Marion concludes that in the nineteenth century there was a "singular absence of critical sense and a total ignorance of the artistic and moral value of good novels." It was *Maria Chapdelaine*, he says, that transformed

*Mentioned here for the sake of completeness, though not appearing in 1944.

our Cinderella into a Princess. In this same volume M. Marion goes on to discuss "our first three novels" and he gives us the text of M. Gérin-Lajoie's tragedy, *Le jeune Latour*.

Projections, by Father M. A. Lamarche, is a collection of essays, most of which first appeared in *Dominicaine Revue*. They are divided into three classes: religious, literary, social. The second class interests us here. When Duhamel speaks on "*Pascal et l'homme qui cherche en gémissant*" he is handicapped at the outset. The author says of him: "He lacks, however, certain primary given qualities for treating the problem of faith, even when he limits himself to study it as thought and lived by his favourite writer Blaise Pascal." Speaking of *Trente Arpents*, M. Lamarche compares it with *Maria Chapdelaine*, "to which we must return if we wish to judge any novel dealing with the land." This was a poem of the soil produced all of one growth. One can notice in *Trente Arpents*, on the other hand, "a lack of continuity, vital connection, something like the absence of a soul." The critic, however, appreciates Ringuet the observer, psychologist, and "painter of manners." "Grandson of a farmer, a doctor, an observer by profession, versed in history and travel, nothing concerning the peculiarities of our soil escapes him; he has grasped everything in our customs and manners, the turns of phrase and dialogue, at once dull and picturesque, of our old *habitants*." "I feel ravished and shaken," says M. Lamarche as he turns to M. Savard's *L'Abatis*, "by this poetic prose . . . these short pieces, sculptured like cameos in a learned language in which the rarest subtleties, the most violent caprices, the most startling surprises remain nevertheless bound to French rule." Never has the theory of literary nationalism found such forceful expression as in the "Introduction" to this book: "The heart of the true poet is entirely devoted to his country. He loves in depth; he has an understanding of the marvels which surround him. . . . He has received the gift of seeing an invisible part of his country, that which springs from the earth, from history, from the labours of his own folk."

The kind of article called a *chronique* is a short composition written by a regular contributor to fill a column in a newspaper. M. Arthur Buies, who practised this art with distinction, held that one might discuss anything in a *chronique* provided it is with a smile. But mockery was his favourite weapon. One of the best *chroniques* in M. Jean-Marie Turgeon's collection, *Les Vendredis de l'Oncle Gaspard*, discusses Buies. A number of others deal with historical figures. The tone is altogether genial; there is nothing in M. Turgeon's articles that can compare with the biting, disillusioned satire of Buies, nothing that can be called criticism; they have no claim to being masterpieces. They appeared regularly in *L'Action catholique* and the author is aware that that is the only relationship they bear to Sainte-Beuve or Daudet. Another collection of this type is M. Adjutor Rivard's *Contes et propos divers*. They are, says this author, "recollections, sad or gay, of old things" and have no other pretension

than that of recalling scenes and persons that have disappeared. Some of these pieces deal with the *habitant*, the lonely *coureur de bois*, and old songs. Two of the most serious ones are reflections on the Abbé Lortie, founder of the Catholic Social movement, and "Christian Doctrine in English Law."

Paroles en liberté is described by M. Marcel Dugas as a work of his youth. Many of these pages appeared in *Nocturnes*, a book which he signed with a pseudonym, Sixte le Débonnaire. They are whimsical little pieces or "images," many of them inspired by Canadian poets and well-known Canadian songs. In *Approches*, M. Dugas wrote sympathetically of his Canadian friends in Paris. One of these was the musician Léo-Pol Morin who was to meet his death in an automobile accident along with Francœur, the Abbé Wilfred Morin, and Fernand Leclerc. M. Dugas writes an interesting note to *Musique*, a collection of articles and talks by L.-P. Morin. M. Jean Désy and M. Robert de Roquebrune contribute appreciations of their friend who was one of the most accomplished of Canadian musicians. They remind us that Morin, under a borrowed name, under the cover of an imaginary character, James Callihou, composed works which he criticized under his own name. Morin was a pupil of Gustave Gagnon, a *prix d'Europe*, and for many years was associated with Ravel. He reveals a great fondness for the French impressionists, especially Debussy. One of his aims was to make French music known in Canada. But he also has interesting things to say on "Music in antiquity," "Secular music in the Middle Ages," and "Polyphony in the seventeenth century."

V

Drama, as usual, is the weakest of the arts. M. Henry Deyglun's two pieces *Les Secrets du Docteur Morhanges* and *C'est un mauvais Garçon* are melodramatic compositions which may be suitable for radio programmes but they fall short as literature; the serious thought is overshadowed by inflated sentiments, telephone calls, vitriol, and obvious disguises.

Last year we spoke of "dramatizations of early Canadian history in the spirit of Chancerel." Mlle Rina Lasnier's *Le Jeu de la voyagère* was one of these evidences of what M. Jean Cusson calls an *orchestique canadienne*. Now Mlle Marie-Claire Daveluy adds to the growing list with *Les Jeux dramatiques de l'histoire*. Mlle Daveluy has written numerous historical romances. The tableaux and pieces contained in this little book are intended to make French-Canadian history live through the spoken word and centre around Dollard, Iberville, the Ursulines of Quebec at the time of the Treaty of Paris, Vallières de Saint-Réal, whose portrait M. de Gaspé painted in his *Anciens Canadiens*, and Louis-Hippolyte Lafontaine.

The best poetry this year is the work of M. Alain Grandbois who, in such works as *Né à Québec* and *Les Voyages de Marco Polo*, proved himself a master of prose. There is always a good deal of religious verse. This year's collections include, Father Gustave Lamarche's *Palinods*, poems to the Virgin, Mlle Simone Paré's *Sur les Routes de mon pays*, and Mlle Rina

Lasnier's new volume *Madones canadiennes*, magnificently adorned with photographs by M. Marius Barbeau.

M. Edmond Labelle's *La Quête de l'existence* is a collection of poems preceded by an essay on "existential philosophy . . . where art and poetry would find at last their connatural situation." The word brings to mind the trend of speculation from Kierkegaard to Gabriel Marcel. An anti-rational philosophy, it has concerned itself with mystic experience, with faith, intuition, love, and with a view of existence as dread, anguish, or yearning for divine life. In the words of this language, we hear of "the existential way in the direction of Being, presentiment of the Unknowable, expectation of eternal Existence." The whole matter, for M. Labelle, resolves itself into the Christian gesture of mystic adoration. "Towards Being through knowledge or existential joy, this attitude can only lead the Christian to the adoration of the Real Presence in the tabernacle or the Trinity which dwells in it by sanctifying grace." In the poems, or recitatives, as he calls them, it is expressed with peculiar simplicity and humility in "Air de Musette devant la crèche" in which he speaks of himself as a poor wise man from the East:

> Hélas! je suis un pauvre mage,
> (Oh! pas comme sur les images!)
> Et je n'ai encens ni or,
> Comme Gaspar puis Melchior
> Et puis Balthasar
> Avant leur départ
> Autrefois vous en offrirent,
> Mais peut-être un peu de myrrhe.

M. Pierre-Carle Dubuc's *Jazz vers l'infini* is, as the title suggests, inspired by that kind of music and dancing we associate with the negroes of American fields and rivers. This music, which was the spontaneous expression of a race, echoing tom-toms, we called rag-time. It had its representatives everywhere—Gershwin, Satie, Honegger, Milhaud, Poulenc, Stravinsky—and it now seems a necessary element of folk-music. M. Dubuc plays with all these strange rhythms; perhaps he has learned some of them from French writers. The noise and the movement of the hips in dancing have suggested some of this loud and rather brutal vocabulary: *gueuler*, *étreindre*. Perhaps these poems, "tending to infinity," express an infinite disappointment of carnal desire but we need not trouble to understand. In his last dance this young poet says he "offers these very hermetical poems" to himself. "Glory has no more meaning for us," says M. Pierre Vadboncœur by way of presentation. "It is no longer a question of having poor taste, of being educated as in the nineteenth century, but on the contrary we are beginning to think well of ignorance. . . . We are tempted to deny beauty. . . . The artist's aim is not to create a pleasure, a sympathy, a society, but, as in friendship, to reveal a solitude."

M. Alain Grandbois's poetry is modernistic in a different sense, a masterpiece in its order. The title he gives to his collection, *Les Îles de la nuit*, suggests fixed foci, black eyes in the dark and starry night of the soul, and recalls the work of the French surrealists and, nearer to us, that of Mlle Anne Hébert. M. Grandbois knows all the gongorisms of French poetry from Rimbaud through Apollinaire to Eluard, and Pellan, who knows them, draws pictures of these hallucinations. The technique is to write down the play of irrational combinations of images because in our dreams we are free to create new thrills and apocalyptic visions and set the world ablaze with cascades of colours and nightmarish tragedies.

Ta forme monte comme la blessure du sang
Tes bras étendus font le silence
Ton blanc visage fixe le temps . . . .

One can imagine the wraith-like figure rising like a wound dripping blood, the pointed stars, the fixed eyes, and the ghoulish grimaces in the black night. And they are the vehicles of his disappointment, pain, and despair. We may try to seize these things, but in dreams all things escape us, slip by us as on a swift black river, ghostly, insubstantial things. In vain we cry:

En vain nos tendres doigts suppliant
En vain la neige de tes doigts comme un doux végétal

* * * * *

En vain le tertre vert autour de l'arbre unique
Seul ton mensonge m'enfonce dans ma nuit

and there is no response to our desire:

Ah je cherchais les hommes dans
l'ombre pour l'appui d'une égale fraternité

* * * * *

Mais ils ne me répondaient pas
Ils fuyaient sous la pluie dans la nuit

and the intoxicated mastery of time and space fades leaving the poet's heart stifled with solitude and suffering.

Et parmi les dernières constellations du silence
A genoux sur la pierre insensible des âges
Nous regardions s'évanouir les mondes

* * * * *

Alors Ô Fiancée avec la nuit tu disparaissais
Ma solitude m'étouffait au cœur de la lumière
Et je m'enfonçais sous le plafond courbe des villes illimitées

* * * * *

Et tu me laissais seul avec une âme perdue

Les Îles de la nuit is a beautiful piece of book-making, as beautiful as the dream-vision is poignant and brilliant.

VI

M. Marius Barbeau, the well-known folk-lorist who collaborates with Mlle Rina Lasnier in *Madones canadiennes*, has recently turned his attention to religious art. *Maîtres artisans de chez nous* contains an essay on Jeanne Le Ber, "*sainte artisane*," a phrase which perhaps gave him the idea for the more lengthy work he has published this year, *Saintes artisanes*, I—*Les brodeuses*. Jeanne Le Ber, famous for her embroidery in thread of gold, silver, and silk, is only one of the pious workers he speaks of. In the early days of the colony Mother Marie de la Troche played the viol; Mother Marie de l'Incarnation kept house and taught the *savages* to make sagamite; Mme de la Peltrie washed, combed, and dressed the children. Music, singing, sewing, and the culinary art figured on the programme of those first school-teachers. Thése are the *petites adresses*, the *science des ouvrages*, which M. Barbeau intends to treat in a second volume.

Two more volumes in M. Maurice Gagnon's *Collection art vivant* have appeared. In *Lyman*, M. Paul Dumas devotes a few pages to the history of painting in Canada, reproves those art critics who indulge in dithyrambs and hyperboles. The function of criticism, he says, is "to discover the part of personal creation and lyrical originality in a work, in other words to judge it by its intrinsic content." John Lyman, some of whose ancestors were French, was born in Maine. He attended McGill University and in 1907 left to study in France and England, returning to Canada in 1913. "He represents the ideal type . . . of Canadian painter in whom are wedded the distinctive traits of the English and French genius." "From the beginning of his stay in France Lyman followed the teaching of Henri Matisse. He has kept his liking for luminous colour and limpid matter." "He heard the message of Cézanne and found his way. Following the example of the old master, he was to concentrate upon recreating, with the aid of colour, the significant forms of beings and things, to restore to them their architectonic value and their spatial dimensions." "Lyman is a musician of painting." He is a poet too; for he has the poet's "magic faculty for creating beauty with his heart." Some of the best things are excerpts from Lyman's critical articles. "La peinture, a dit Elie Faure, est le drame de la solitude."

In *G. Roberts*, M. Jacques de Tonnancour adds some biographical information and some pieces of correspondence to what he said of the painter in *La Relève* (1941) and *Amérique française* (1942). Goodridge Roberts, son of Theodore Goodridge Roberts and nephew of Sir Charles G. D. Roberts, well-known English-Canadian writers, is the first Roberts to devote himself to the plastic arts. He studied at the Art Students' League in New York. Returning to Canada, he painted in the neighbourhood of Ottawa, "too poor to paint with anything but water colours." From 1933 to 1936 he taught art at Queen's University. "At the bottom of his painting dwells a savour of wild plants springing from a land of

virgin silence and solitude." "Roberts, along with Morrice, has given us our most beautiful landscapes. Not a trace of the Group of Seven is to be found in him. Against their exterior and epic expression, theatrical and mannered, Roberts, in his northern landscapes, opposes one that is all depth, colour, fixity, and balance." In these two books the reader will notice a reaction against "regionalism" and the Group of Seven, "thanks to which, about 1910, certain old and dead European influences came to their ultimate end here."

In the "Collection Champlain," M. Gérard Morisset has published two more volumes in which he continues his studies of paintings and other treasures to be found in the churches of the province. In *Le Cap-Santé, ses églises et son trésor* and *La Vie et l'œuvre du Frère Luc*, M. Morisset tells us the history of the church at Le Cap-Santé, a large church with transepts and two steeples, begun in 1754, and its treasures of sculpture, paintings, and silver work. The second volume is a biography of Claude François, born in 1614, who, after studying painting in Paris and Rome, became a Recollet. In 1670 he came to New France where he helped to reconstruct the convent of the Recollets. Frère Luc was not a great artist. M. Morisset's researches are valuable for the light they throw on art in the early days of the colony.

VII

L'Abbé Tessier, sa vie, son œuvre is a special number of *Le S.T.R.*, publication of the Seminary of Three Rivers, containing tributes from many pens to the veteran writer and photographer. Better known as Tavi, the Abbé Tessier has contributed to the regionalist movement in a unique way, by traversing the province taking photographs and making films. His works, too numerous to mention here, are listed in *La Société des écrivains canadiens*. This year we have two tracts of his and a book written in collaboration with M. H. Biron, *Vers les Pays d'en-haut*, which describes the long journey undertaken by four Grey Sisters to establish a mission in the Red River district of what is now Manitoba. Tavi's photographs adorn the books of other writers including the poets; we found them in Mlle Lasnier's *Images et proses*, as in Mlle Simone Paré's *Sur les Routes de mon pays*. No aspect of the problem of survival escapes him, but he is especially interested in the land, the *habitants*, and the training of girls for family life. He is the singer of the *petite patrie*. He has given the name "Mauricie" to a region of the Laurentians for which he feels a particular veneration.

M. Édouard Montpetit has published the first volume of his *Souvenirs*, an account of his early life in Quebec, his apprenticeship to the law, and the years he spent in Paris studying social and political economy. In it there are interesting notes on the French writers Faguet, Bazin, and Brunetière, and on Hector Fabre, for many years Canadian Commissioner in France. Returning to Canada, M. Montpetit became professor of Social

Economy at the University of Montreal. Looking back over his first lectures on this subject he is consoled to find, among the relative poverty of matter and style, "a national preoccupation which has never left me." In the margins of his note-books, as he listened to his French masters, he used to write the words *chez nous* opposite passages "which seemed to concern us, open a horizon, propose an initiative." This delightful volume by the "national" economist and dean of French-Canadian writers, makes us look forward with pleasure to more of his *souvenirs*.

"For twenty-two years," writes M. Ernest Laforce, "I have worked with these missionary-colonizers." In *Bâtisseurs de pays* he recounts the labours of unsung priests, builders of new parishes, holy men who dedicated themselves to the social and religious welfare of colonists' families because they wanted a greater, a better developed, a more prosperous and more Christian Canada.

VIII

M. Jean Bruchési, who is a professor of history, turns his attention to education in *Le Chemin des écoliers*. These ten studies cover most of the aspects of the problem, primary, secondary, university education, school books, and libraries, and are animated by a love of all things French: books, language, culture, and the French spirit. Of this last he writes: "It is not easily grasped. It is made up of shades often scarcely perceptible. It is supple, curious, lively, mobile, sensitive, like the Frenchman himself, whose unchanging features Julius Caesar stressed at the time of the conquest of Gaul."

In his new book, *Psychologie et pédagogie*, the Abbé Paul Lachapelle, who studied psychiatry and psychology in Paris, applies what he learned from the masters of modern psychology to the problems of teaching. Education does not consist in making a child learn as many things as possible but in making him as intelligent as possible. To do this we must know what he is; to know what he is we must consult professional psychologists. These studies, therefore, aim to satisfy a desire on the part of teachers to place educational methods upon a sound scientific basis. The author devotes a chapter to "erroneous conceptions in psychology and pedagogy" and has put aside all conceptions which might have led him away from traditional Catholic ways of thought.

The aim of Frère Léon in *Formation religieuse et méthodes actives* is "to show to educators the way of renewal, the way which leads children to a better comprehension of religious truths, to a real and lasting taste for the things of God, to a life more profoundly and more intensely Christian." If M. Lachapelle applies modern psychology to education, Frère Léon is a Belgian pedagogue who sees the problem in terms of Catholic doctrine. His book is intended to be a practical help to teachers—it contains syllabi and outlines of lessons—in the moral and religious formation of the child through the utilization of physical and spiritual environment, silent reading,

and dramatization of scriptural texts. It ends with a description of the "eucharistic method" used by the Abbé Poppe of Ghent. "For him, to educate a child in the Christian way is to help him to make himself like Christ, and that by the means which the Church places at the disposal of all the faithful: grace given through prayer, the Mass and Communion, the constant practice of virtue within the reach of children." We may well heed the exhortation never to separate knowledge of truth from the practice of virtue, but what are we to think of the author's criteria for judging the pieces of literature a child is asked to memorize? "Without a profound sense of Christian resignation, how can we present these lines of the dying Gilbert:

> Au banquet de la vie, infortuné convive,
> J'apparus un jour, et je meurs . . . ?"

By way of contrast, M. Maurice Lebel, who is professor of Greek at Laval University, offers us "pedagogical notes" on the teaching of Greek. He has already written on the study and teaching of English and the humanities in contemporary society; now he publishes a much more important work on *L'Enseignement et l'étude du Grec*. It contains chapters on language and style, geography, history, institutions, grammar, composition, translation, the history of Greek literature and art, and a concluding chapter on the art of learning Greek. M. Lebel's work is a mine of information, and valuable because of the suggestions it offers, the questions it asks (Why study vocabulary? What texts shall we explain? What pieces shall we choose to translate?), the principles and methods it discusses, the bibliography which the author appends to each chapter, and also because of the convictions which inform the work: "We shall perhaps help to prepare for the breaking of a new dawn. History proves it, it is always by returning to the study of antiquity and by sitting at the feet of the ancients that the great countries of Europe have attained their highest degree of civilization. The Renaissance, in Europe, has it not lasted for four centuries? It has scarcely commenced in America."

The *Propos d'un éducateur* of the late Father Alphonse de Grandpré have little to do with pedagogical problems. The most interesting of them bear on literary questions, such as "The First Critique of *Marie Chapdelaine*" (by Father Alphonse himself), "The History of Literature: Mgr Camille Roy," "Historical Criticism: The Abbé Georges Robitaille."

IX

Two travel books deserve mention: *Vent du large* by M. Jean-Louis Gagnon, and *Blanc et noir* by Mme Hélène J. Gagnon. They cover much the same ground, England and the Gold Coast. Of the two, M. Gagnon's is the more serious and sympathetic. He pays eloquent tribute to the people of Britain and to the allied leaders, Churchill, Generals de Gaulle and Catroux. On the Gold Coast where he stayed for several months he had occasion to compare the English and the French colonial adminis-

trations, the indirect method of the first being to prepare the colony for self-government, the direct method of the second being to make the colony part of metropolitan France. Both have their good points. Africa is now an enormous market. England is a trader; her attitude to the slave trade and to colonies is thereby determined. M. Gagnon sees, in the future, an Arab federation linking Bombay with Dakar and a black empire stretching from Dakar to Zanzibar. The blacks will be masters of their own destiny —not without the help of white administrators and tutors. Whites and blacks will work together as a human family.

Mme Gagnon seems to have gone to Africa with the same intentions as her journalistic husband: to observe the emergence of a black empire. After an attack of malaria she returned to Canada feeling defeated and annoyed. British colonial etiquette is insufferably stupid, the blacks are an incommunicative people dominated by instincts and emotions and their beliefs remain a secret. The writer concludes that they are incapable of adjusting themselves to the ways of a world governed solely by reason.

While others may go far afield in search of new scenes, new ideas, or a new life, M. Camille Pacreau reminds us that the shores of our own St. Lawrence are marvellously beautiful. The aim of his book *Un Voyage au Saguenay*, illustrated with photographs, is "to make us know and love the shores of our beautiful river and of the grandiose Saguenay."

X

Of the books that remain we may mention two volumes in English by the Abbé Arthur Maheux: *What Keeps Us Apart?*, a series of radio talks in which the author gives his personal views on the problem of national unity, and *Problems of Canadian Unity* containing addresses delivered to various audiences on the same subject. The Abbé has devoted many years of his life to this cause and he believes it is prospering. The main obstacles, as he sees them, are "racial origins, religion, language, national ideals, competition in business, professional activities, democracy, plans of domination, public relations, our mother countries, the teaching of history, education, standards of living, the school question, and so on." All these he examines with the conviction of a man who believes that "all that is needed is more light thrown upon the facts and a better interpretation of intention on both sides." M. J. Adolphe Matte's *Art noir* is a book dealing with the art of printing. Chapter I is a history of the art from its origin to the present time. In other chapters the author speaks of the early printing presses and the conditions of the workers in the printing trade in Quebec, the art of advertising, paper mills, famous European and American newspapers, and the modern mechanical devices used in this art. M. A. M. Lemoine's thesis on experimental phonetics *La Diphtongaison* contains the results of experiments made in the laboratory of the Institut de Phonétique at the Sorbonne. Keeping his researches strictly to the neuro-physiological field M. Lemoine arrives at what he believes is a

reasonable solution of his problem. *Itinéraires botaniques dans l'Île de Cuba* is a second series of studies of the flora of Cuba by Frère Marie-Victorin and Frère Léon. *Les grandes Étapes de l'algologie américaine* is an appreciation of the work of American scientists in the field of algology by M. Jules Brunel of the Botanical Institute of Montreal University. After a series of radio talks on *La Géographie humaine* Professor Robert Tanghe has published a series on the *Géographie économique du Canada*. General Vanier, Officer Commanding the Military District of Quebec, has published a collection of his speeches *Paroles de guerre*. They are the words of a soldier and a patriot who teaches his men that in their lives they must continue a tradition of courage and sacrifice. Other books include sermons by Mgr A. Harbour, talks by Father Francis Goyer given over the radio during the "Catholic Hour," volumes addressed to soldiers on service (dealing with problems of military life, the moral supports which sustain them in their difficulties, and the problems facing them in the future), and a study of rural life in the north country by M. Joseph Pelletier.

With regret we record the death of two well-known writers: Frère Marie-Victorin, the pioneer botanist whose work on the flora of Cuba we have just mentioned, and M. Louis Dantin, a great critic, an essayist and poet of rare distinction.

CHECK-LIST OF TITLES

Action catholique, Dans la mêlée (144 pp.); Service jociste du soldat, sous les drapeaux (143 pp.); Vers la victoire (149 pp.) (Montréal, Édns. Ouvrières, 1943, 50c.). **Archambault (J. P.),** Pour un ordre meilleur: déclaration des Semaines sociales du Canada expliquée et commentée (Montréal, École sociale populaire, 64 pp., 25c.); Silhouettes de retraitants; préface de l'hon. THIBAUDEAU RINFRET (Montréal, École sociale populaire, 217 pp., 75c.). **Arès (Richard),** L'église et le nationalisme (Montréal, École sociale populaire, 32 pp., 15c.). **Association canadienne française pour l'avancement des sciences,** Annales de l'ACFAS, tome X (Montréal, l'Association, secr. Jacques Rousseau, 4101 est rue Sherbrooke, 159 pp.). **Aubert (Théodore),** Qui reorganisera l'Europe? (Montréal, École sociale populaire, 32 pp., 15c.). **Aubry (Claude),** La vengeance des hommes de bonne volonté; dessins de MARCEL MARTIN (Montréal, Fides, 70 pp., 60c.). **Barbeau (C. M.),** Saintes artisanes: Cahiers d'art ARCA, tome II, no. 1, Les brodeuses (Montréal, Fides, 117 pp., $1.50). **Barbeau (C. M.)** et **Lasnier (Rina),** Madones canadiennes (Montréal, Beauchemin, 292 pp., $3.50). **Barbeau (Victor),** Initiation à l'humain (Montréal, Édns. de la "Familiale," 180 pp., $1.00); La Société des écrivains canadiens: règlements, action; bio-bibliographie de ses membres (Montréal, La Société, 119 pp., $1.00). **Baribeau (Clément),** Leçons sociales dans la lumière des encycliques pontificales; préface de Mgr. A. VACHON (Montréal, Fides, 216 pp.). **Beaudry (Joseph),** Civisme et sociologie appliqués par questions et réponses (Montréal, Fides, 122 pp., 75c.). **Beaulieu (M. H.),** Le mariage chrétien: le corps au service de l'esprit (Collection service de dieu, no. 7; Montréal, Messager canadien, 207 pp., 75c.). **Bégin (Jean),** Sur la grandeur de notre vocation sacerdotale: heure sainte en forme de dialogue; à l'usage des prêtres et futurs prêtres (Sherbrooke, Ville Saint-Alphonse, 45 pp., 15c.). **Belleau (P. E.),** Au fil des jours: première série, poésies (Québec, 60 pp., 35c.). **Benoit (Pierre),** Le sentier couvert: roman (Montréal, Édns. de l'Arbre, 123 pp.). **Bergeron (René),** Le premier péril: 3e éd. (Montréal, Fides, vii, 154 pp., 50c.). **Blais (Philippe),** La pensée chrétienne: tome I, La lumière dans les

ténèbres (Rimouski, Impr. Blais, 262 pp., $1.00). **Bolduc (Albert)**, La famille grenouille; dessins d'Henri Beaulac (Albums BB, no. 1; Montréal, Fides, 63 pp., $1.00). **Bolté (P. E.)**, Staline et Pie XI (Montréal, Édns. de la Salle, 103 pp., $1.00). **Bouchard (T. D.)**, L'enseignement de l'histoire: discours prononcé au Sénat, le 21 juin (Saint Hyacinthe, P.Q., Impr. Yamaska, 30 pp., 10c.); Tout un peuple se dresse: le discours du sénateur Bouchard (Montréal, École sociale populaire, 32 pp., 15c.). **Boudrias (Mme Georges)**, Les nouvelles mamans; 3e éd. (Montréal, Édns. du Lévrier, 118 pp., 75c.). **Bouvier (Émile)**, Jeunesse et haute politique: un témoignage à l'occasion du 25e anniversaire de la mort de Paul Émile Lamarche (Montréal, École sociale populaire, 30 pp., 5c.). **Brouillette (Benoit)**, Varennes, monographie géographique (Montréal, Beauchemin, 58 pp., 75c.). **Bruchési (Jean)**, Le chemin des écoliers (Montréal, Valiquette, 151 pp., $1.00). **Charbonneau (Robert)**, Connaissance du personnage (Montréal, Édns. de l'Arbre, 195 pp., $1.25). **Le congrès de la colonisation**, Compte rendu: 10, 11 avril (Montréal, École sociale populaire, 160 pp., $1.00). **Conseil supérieur de la coopération**, L'inventaire du mouvement coopératif: comptes rendus de 5e congrès général des coopérateurs, 1943 (Québec, Le Conseil supérieur de la coopération, 259 pp.). **Cours de reconstruction**, section coopération (Ottawa, Le Centre social, 196 pp., $5.00). **Couture (Père)**, Les bontés de Marie (Montréal, Édns. du Lévrier, 316 pp., $1.00). **Dagenais (André)**, Marie de l'Incarnation (Nos fondateurs; Montréal, Messager canadien, 1943, 40 pp., 10c.). **Daveluy (M.-C.)**, Les jeux dramatiques de l'histoire: Que disaient nos aïeules? Le général Vallières: Une visite inattendue: trois pièces en un acte (Montréal, Granger, 87 pp., 35c.). **Delaye (E.)**, Éléments de morale sociale inspirée des principes chrétiens—à l'usage des syndicalistes (Montréal, École sociale populaire, 198 pp., 75c.). **Delos (J. T.)**, Le problème de civilisation: La nation—1, Sociologie de la nation; 2, Le nationalisme et l'ordre de droit (Montréal, Édns. de l'Arbre, 200 pp.; 220 pp.). **Demers (G. E.)**, Mgr de Laval (Nos fondateurs; Montréal, Messager canadien, 1943, 48 pp., 10c.). **Desjardin (Alphonse)**, La caisse populaire; avant propos du sén. Cyrille Vaillancourt (Montréal, École sociale populaire, 64 pp., 25c.). **Desmarais (M. M.)**, Dans 300 ans: radio-causeries de l'heure dominicale; préface du T. R. père M. A. Lamarche (Montréal, Édns. du Lévrier, 219 pp., $1.00). **Deyglun (Henry)**, C'est un mauvais garçon: comédie dramatique en trois actes (Montréal, Garand, 34 pp., 25c.); Les secrets du docteur Morhanges: pièce en trois actes (Le théâtre canadien; Montréal, Garand, 32 pp., 25c.). **Dubé (Rodolphe)** [François Hertel, *pseud.*], Leur inquiétude; éd. définitive (Montréal, Fides, 228 pp., $1.25); Mondes chimériques; éd. définitive avec photo de l'auteur (Montréal, Société des Édns. Pascal, 150 pp.). **Dubuc (P.-C.)**, Jazz vers l'infini (Montréal, Société des Édns. Pascal, 93 pp., 80c.). **Duchesnay (Alice)**, Bestiaire familier; dessins de Thomas (Québec, Garneau, 48 pp., $1.00). **Dugas (Marcel)**, Paroles en liberté (Montréal, Édns. de l'Arbre, 174 pp., $1.00). **Duhamel (Roger)**, Un manuel d'histoire unique (Montréal, Impr. populaire, 11 pp.). **Dumas (Paul)**, Lyman (Collection art vivant, 4; Montréal, Édns. de l'Arbre, 31 pp., 80c.). **École sociale populaire**, L'aide à la colonisation: pour une politique vigoureuse et rationnelle (École sociale populaire, no. 369; Montréal, École sociale populaire, 32 pp., 15c.); Pourquoi voter: comment voter: conseils aux catholiques (Œuvre des tracts, 301; Montréal, Action paroissiale, 16 pp., 10c.). **Falardeau (Émile)**, Prieur, l'idéaliste (Collection illustrée Les Anciens, no. 3; Montréal, Institut de la Nouvelle France, 28 pp.). **Féron (Jean)**, Le dernier geste: roman canadien inédit (Montréal, Garand, 86 pp., 25c.). **Filteau (Gérard)**, L'épopée de Shawinigan (Shawinigan Falls, Guertin et Gignac, 427 pp.). **Frégault (Guy)**, La civilisation de la nouvelle France (Montréal, Société des Édns. Pascal, 289 pp., $2.25); Iberville, le conquérant (Montréal, Société des Édns. Pascal, 415 pp., $3.00). **Gagnon (Mme H. J.)**, Blanc et noir (Montréal, Édns. de l'Arbre, 184 pp., $1.25). **Gagnon (J.-L.)**, Vent du large (Montréal, Lucien Parizeau, 2027 rue Peel, 303 pp., $1.25). **Garneau (F.-X.)**, Histoire du Canada; 8e éd. entièrement rev. et augm. par son petit fils Hector Garneau: I-V (Montréal, Édns. de l'Arbre, 285 pp., 301 pp., 305 pp., 299 pp., 317 pp.). **Garrouteigt (Henri)**, Marguerite Bourgeoys (Nos

fondateurs; Montréal, Messager canadien, 1943, 36 pp.). **Geneviève de la Tour Fondue,** Monsieur Bigras: roman (Montréal, Beauchemin, 256 pp., $1.25). **Gérin (Marcel),** Le gouvernement des missions (Québec, Université Laval, Faculté de Droit canonique, 256 pp.). **Gervais (Émile),** Catherine de Saint-Augustin (Nos fondateurs; Montréal, Messager canadien, 1943, 48 pp., 10c.). **Ghéon (Henri),** L'art du théâtre: dédié aux Canadiens (Montréal, Serge, 219 pp.). **Gibeau (Eugène),** Directives aux contremaîtres (Relations industrielles, 1; Montréal, Association professionnelle des industriels, 16 pp., 10c.). **Gingras (Bernard),** Patriote ou nationaliste? (Montréal, Édns. Ville-Marie, c/o École Ville Marie, 1311 Craig E., 18 pp.). **Gosselin (Auguste),** Mgr de Laval; nouvelle éd. revue et corrigée (Québec, Université Laval, 175 pp.). **Goyer (Francis),** Dix leçons d'amour: causeries données à l'heure catholique, post C.K.A.C. Québec (Montréal, Secrétariat des œuvres eucharistiques, Librairie eucharistique, 514 Mount-Royal E., 1943, 201 pp., $1.00). **Grandbois (Alain),** Les îles de la nuit (Montréal, Parizeau, 135 pp., $2.00). **Grandbois (Madeleine),** Marie de l'hospice (Montréal, Parizeau, 170 pp., $1.00). **Grandpré (Alphonse de),** Propos d'un éducateur (Montréal, Librairie Saint-Viateur, 5199 rue Saint-Dominique, 167 pp.). **Grégoire (Mercédès),** Vingt ans de directoriat, 1923-1943 (Montréal, École Sainte-Marthe, paroisse St. Paul-de-la Croix, 95 pp., 75c.). **Grondin (F. X.).** Quatre fondateurs (Nos fondateurs; Montréal, Messager canadien, 1943, 40 pp., 10c.). **Groulx (L. A.),** Notre maître le passé; 3e série (Montréal, Granger, 320 pp., $1.25). **Harbour (Abélard),** L'épreuve, l'espérance et la paix: carêmes à la Basilique de Montréal, 1940-41-42, (Montréal, Granger, 260 pp., $1.00). **Hertel (François),** *See* Dubé (Rodolphe). **Holmes (C. E.),** T'as menti Brissette! faits étranges et singuliers de notre histoire (Montréal, l'auteur, Pointe-aux-Trembles, 29 pp., 25c.). **Jeunesse agricole Catholique, Montréal,** Manuel de la J.A.C. (Montréal, Centrale Jaciste, 501 Viger, 136 pp., 40c.); Semailles: pour commencer la J.A.C. (Montréal, Centrale Jaciste, 1029 rue St. Denis, 1943, 51 pp., 25c.). **Jeunesse étudiante catholique, Montréal,** Les journaux (Le mouvement étudiant, 3; Montréal, Jeunesse étudiante catholique, 48 pp.). **Labelle (Edmond),** La quête de l'existence (Montréal, Fides, 147 pp., $1.00). **Lachance (C.-M.),** Le sujet de la grâce et sa guérison selon Saint Thomas (Ottawa, Collège Dominicain, 178 pp.). **Lachapelle (Paul),** Psychologie et pédagogie; préface de Monseigneur Philippe Perrier (Montréal, Beauchemin, 210 pp., $1.25). **Laforce (Ernest),** Bâtisseurs de pays (Montréal, Garand, 263 pp., $1.25). **Lamarche (Gustave),** Palinods: poèmes à la vierge, dessins gravés de Maximilien Boucher (Ottawa, Édns. du Lévrier, 236 pp., $1.25). **Lamarche (M. A.),** Projections (Ottawa, Édns. du Lévrier, 212 pp., $1.00). **Lanctôt (Gustave),** Un abbé part en guerre contre un sulpicien (Montréal, Ducharme, 1943; 23 pp., 25c.). **Laperle-Bernier (Albertine),** La voix de l'âme: roman (Montréal, l'auteur, 4824 rue Bordeaux, 186 pp., $1.00). **Lasnier (Rina),** La mère de nos mères (Nos fondateurs; Montréal, Messager canadien, 1943, 32 pp.). **Laurin (Florent),** Erres boréales (Montréal, Ducharme, 222 pp., $1.25). **Lebel (Maurice),** L'enseignement et l'étude du grec (Montréal, Fides, 261 pp., $1.50). **Leclaire (J. C.),** Que serons-nous? esclaves ou maîtres chez nous? leçons sociales d'un voyage au "Royaume d'Antigonish" (St. Hyacinthe, Québec, Grande Seminaire, 47 pp., 10c.). **Leclerc (Felix),** Allégro (fables); dessin de la couverture par Henri Beaulac (Montréal, Fides, 199 pp., $1.00). **Lemelin (Roger),** Au pied de la pente douce: roman (Montréal, Édns. de l'Arbre, 332 pp., $1.50). **Lemoine (A. M.),** La diphtongaison: essai de synthèse (Montréal, Beauchemin, 241 pp., $3.50). **Léon (Frère),** Formation religieuse et méthodes actives (Montréal, Granger, 173 pp.). **Lery (L. C. de),** Écoles nationales (École sociale populaire, no. 368; Montréal, École sociale populaire, 30 pp., 15c.). **Maheux (Arthur),** Canadian unity: what keeps us apart? (Québec, Édns. des Bois-Francs, 176 pp., $1.00); Messire Édouard Bélanger (Québec, Édns. des Bois-Francs, 12 pp., 25c.); Problems of Canadian unity (Québec, Édns. des Bois-Francs, 186 pp., $1.00). **Maillet (Adrienne),** Un enlèvement: roman (Montréal, Société des Édns. Pascal, 260 pp., $1.25). **Maillet (Andrée),** Le marquiset têtu et le mulot réprobateur: les aventures de la princesse

Claradore; illus. par FRANCINE (Montréal, Variétés, 167 pp., 75c.). **Marie dans l'education nationale en Acadie;** préface de S. Exc. Mgr. ROBICHAUD (Montréal, Fides, 75 pp.). **Mariline** (*pseud.*), Le flambeau sacré: roman (Montréal, Valiquette, 190 pp., $1.00). **Marion (Séraphin)**, Les lettres canadiennes d'autrefois; tome IV, La phase préromantique (Hull, Québec, Édns. l'Eclair, 193 pp., $1.00). **Martin (P.-A.)**, Éditions et lectures (Montréal, Fides, 91 pp.); Lectures et bibliothèques (Montréal, Fides, 80 pp., 35c.). **Massicotte (Valère)**, La délinquence juvénile et la guerre (L'œuvre des tracts, no. 298; Montréal, Action paroissiale, 16 pp., 10c.). **Matte (J. A.)**, Art noir, au quatre points cardinaux (Montréal, Inland Press, 159 pp., $1.50); Imprimerie à travers les siècles (Montréal, Inland Press, 150 pp., $1.50). **Michelin (Marcelle)**, Les riches heures: contes et nouvelles au temps de Jehanne D'arc et de Loys XI; avant-propos de GUSTAVE COHEN (New York, Brentano's, 146 pp., $1.75). **Minville (Esdras)**, L'homme d'affaires (Montréal, Fides, 184 pp., $1.00). **Montpetit (Édouard)**, Souvenirs: tome I, Vers la vie (Montréal, Édns. de l'Arbre, 215 pp., $1.50). **Montréal, École des Hautes Études Commerciales,** La forêt: étude préparée avec la collaboration de l'École de génie forestier de Québec (Études sur notre milieu, collection dirigée par ESDRAS MINVILLE; Montréal, Fides, 414 pp., $1.50). **Morin (L.-P.)**, Musique; préface par JEAN DÉSY, MARCEL DUGAS et ROBERT DE ROQUEBRUNE (Montréal, Beauchemin, 440 pp., $2.00). **Morisset (Gérard)**, Le Cap-Santé, ses églises et son trésor (Collection Champlain; Québec, Medium, 69 pp., 75c.); La vie et l'œuvre du Frère Luc (Collection Champlain; Québec, Medium, 143 pp., $2.00). **Nadeau (J.-M.)**, Entreprise privée et socialisme (Montréal, Valiquette, 115 pp., 75c.); Horizons d'après-guerre: essai de politique économique canadienne (Montréal, Parizeau, 319 pp., $1.25). **Normandin (Rodrigue)**, Bienheureux ceux qui croient (deuxième mille) (Montréal, Fides; Ottawa, Université d'Ottawa, 147 pp., 75c.). **Oka, Québec, Institut agricole d'Oka,** L'Institut agricole d'Oka: cinquantenaire 1893-1943 (Oka, Québec, Institut agricole d'Oka, La Trappe, 544 pp., $3.50). **Ottawa, City, Collège Dominicain d'Ottawa,** Théologie, cahiers II-III (Études et recherches, tome IV-V; Ottawa, Édns. du Lévrier, 406 pp., $1.50 each). **Pacreau (Camille)**, Un voyage au Saguenay (Montmagny, Québec, Édns. Marquis, 199 pp., $1.50). **Paré (Simone)**, Sur les routes de mon pays (Montréal, Édns. du Lévrier, 110 pp., $1.00). **Pelletier (Joseph)**, Quinze jours chez les colons du nord (Montréal, l'auteur, Dépositaire général, 740 rue Laverdure, 126 pp., $1.00). **Petit (Gérard)**, Questions sociales (Montréal, Fides, 10c. each). **Plume-Agile** (*pseud.*), Première classe (Montréal, Servir, 164 pp.). **Potvin (Damase)**, La librairie Garneau: le centenaire d'une maison historique (Québec, Garneau, 16 pp.). **Prévost (Arthur)**, Les contes de Sorel (Sorel, Québec, Princeps, 1943, 206 pp.). **Primeau (Léonide)**, Le centenaire des sœurs grises (Œuvre des tracts, 300; Montréal, Action paroissiale, 16 pp., 10c.). **Richard (J. A.)**, Historique de la paroisse de Saint-Sébastien de Beauce (1869-1944) (Joliette, Québec, l'Étoile du Nord, 198 pp., $1.25). **Ricour (Pierre)**, La conquête de la paix (Montréal, Variétés, 214 pp., $1.25). **Rivard (Adjutor)**, Contes et propos divers (Québec, Garneau, 246 pp., $1.00). **Rochefort (Luc)**, Sa marotte, étude de mœurs canado-américaine: roman (Montréal, Édns. de la Salle, 367 pp., $1.25). **Rousseau (Alfred)**, Autour d'un mystère: roman canadien inédit; illus. de C. TRUDEL (Montréal, Garand, 48 pp., 25c.). **Roy (P.-G.)**, Les petites choses de notre histoire; septième série (Québec, Garneau, 301 pp., $1.00); Toutes petites choses du régime français; première série; deuxième série (Québec, Librairie Garneau, 304 pp.; 304 pp., $1.25 each). **Rumilly (Robert)**, Histoire de la province de Québec: tome XII, Les écoles du Nord-ouest; tome XIII, Henri Bourassa (Montréal, Valiquette, 232 pp.; 213 pp., $1.25 each); Papineau: nouvelle édn. (Montréal, Valiquette, 281 pp., $1.25). **Savard (F. A.)**, Menaud, maître-draveur: édn. définitive (Montréal, Fides, 153 pp., $1.25). **Semaines sociales du Canada,** Congrès de la colonisation (Montréal, École sociale populaire, 156 pp.); xxie session, Ottawa, 1944: la restauration sociale; compte rendu des cours et conférences (Montréal, École sociale populaire, 274 pp., $1.50). **Séminaire des Trois-Rivières,** Abbé Tessier, sa vie, son œuvre: numéro spécial du Séminaire des

Trois-Rivières, janvier (Trois-Rivières, le Séminaire, 31 pp., 10c.). **Société des Écrivains canadiens,** Bulletin bibliographique, année 1943 (Montréal, La Société, 109 pp.). **Société Historique du Nouvel-Ontario, Sudbury**, Documents historiques: no. 4, Chelmsford, Coniston, Chapleau; no. 5, Familles pronnières; no. 6, Fondateurs du diocèse du Sault-Sainte-Marie, by L. Cadieux (Sudbury, la Société, Collège du Sacré-Cœur, 48 pp., 68 pp., 48 pp.). **Société Radio Canada,** Le Catholique devant la guerre: treize causeries données à Radio Canada en l'année 1943 (Montréal, la Société, 144 pp.). **Tanghe (Raymond)** ed., Le Canada dans l'ordre international: tribune d'information sur les problèmes de l'après-guerre dirigée par Raymond Tanghe (Montréal, Fides, 350 pp., $1.50). **Tanghe (Robert)**, Géographie économique du Canada (Collection Radio-collège, 4; Montréal, Fides, 278 pp., $1.50). **Tessier (Albert)**, La femme dans l'histoire du Canada; dessins de Rolland Boulanger (Pour survivre, tome VI, no. 1, Québec, Comité permanent de la survivance française en Amérique, Université Laval; 47 pp., 10c.); Terre d'élection (Pour survivre, tome VI, no. 4; Québec, Comité permanent de la survivance française en Amérique, Université Laval, 47 pp.). **Tessier (A.)** et **Biron (Hervé)**, Vers les pays d'en-haut (Montréal, Fides, 252 pp., $1.00). **Thériault (Yves)**, Contes pour un homme seul (Montréal, Édns. de l'Arbre, 195 pp., $1.25). **Tonnancour (J. G. de)**, Roberts (Collection art vivant, 3; Montréal, Édns. de l'Arbre, 32 pp., 80c.). **Tremblay (Victor)**, Un coin de la paroisse des Bergeronnes, Bon-Désir (Société historique du Saguenay, no. 7; Chicoutimi, Impr. le Progrès du Saguenay, 31 pp.); Les oblats au Saguenay (Société historique du Saguenay, no. 9; Chicoutimi, Impr. le Progrès du Saguenay, 22 pp.). **Turgeon (J.-M.)**, Les vendredis de l'oncle Gaspard (Québec, Laflamme, 206 pp., $1.00). **Union des jeunesses catholiques canadiennes,** Journées d'études sacerdotales, spécialisation et unité en action catholique: conférences et rapports (Montréal, Fides, 189 pp., $1.00). **Valigny (Pacifique de)**, Chroniques des plus anciennes églises de l'Acadie: Bathurst, Pabos et Ristigouche, Rivière Saint-Jean, Memramcook (Montréal, Echo de Saint-François, la Réparation, Pointe-aux-Trembles, 147 pp.). **Vanier (G. P.)**, Paroles de guerre (Montréal, Beauchemin, 152 pp., 75c.).

IV. NEW-CANADIAN LETTERS — Watson Kirkconnell

The chief event of the year in New-Canadian letters was a substantial volume of verse, entitled *Hunangsflugur*, by the prominent Icelandic poet Guttormur J. Guttormsson, of Riverton, Manitoba. Mr. Guttormsson's last previous volume, *Gaman og Alvara*, was published in 1930; and now, in his sixty-sixth year, he has issued his fifth book, a collection of over one hundred poems, chiefly lyrical. There are three main types of poetry in the volume: (*a*) salutatory verses, prepared in Icelandic fashion for special occasions, (*b*) nature verse, and (*c*) satiric verse. Good examples of his occasional verse are his greetings to Lord Tweedsmuir when the Governor-General visited Gimli, his praise of the gifted young Canadian musician, Agnes Sigurdsson, his salute to the silver wedding of Dr. and Mrs. S. E. Björnsson, and two very eloquent poems in honour of Iceland. His nature verse is best represented by such poems as "Icelandic River" and "The Tree," in which intricate prosodic patterns are masterfully wrought out. Most typical of all, however, are the poems in which he makes ironic comment on life, as in his lines on our political parties, on a "Holy Roller," on a crook, on Judas, or on dictators. Special mention might be made of a sequence of thirty poems, entitled collectively "A vid og dreif" (Scattered abroad).

In the German language, two Mennonite writers have been active: the Rev. Dr. Jacob H. Janzen, of Waterloo, Ontario, and Mr. Peter Klassen, of Superb, Saskatchewan. Dr. Janzen has published during the year a formidable series of stories from the Bible, totalling nearly 800 pages. He has also issued the third and fourth volumes of an edifying novel, *Die Geschichte der Grafschaft Ebenfeld.* As he explains in a preface to volume III, "Ebenfeld (Plainfield) is a county in the prairies of Canada or of the United States, inhabited by ordinary people." In the experiences of this imaginary community, the efforts of devout citizens to live good lives and give good leadership are sometimes opposed by the active iniquity of the wicked. Some of the characters are in the tradition of *The Pilgrim's Progress.* The hero of the story is the reeve, Traugott Gläubig (Trustgod Believing), who has also brought faith to his neighbour, Jeremia Aengstlich (Jeremiah Anxious) and his wife Herzeleide (Heartpain). The villain, who is backing some local thieves, is the bootlegger, Hector Cartridge Gunman, *alias* Schreckgesicht (Awfulface). Of equal interest is the volume of *Fabeln* that Peter Klassen has translated into German verse from the Russian of Ivan Andreyevich Krylov (1768-1844). Here are about thirty of the favourite stories of the Russian Aesop: The Cricket and the Ant, The Ape and the Spectacles, The Peasant and the Snake, The Wolf in the Dog-Kennel, The Trees and the Bush, The Old Man and Death, The Man and His Shadow, and many another. Mr. Klassen has added half a dozen fables of his own devising; but the chief interest of the book lies in the transplanting of a Russian classic into homely but racy German on the Canadian prairies.

In Ukrainian, the output has been miscellaneous but in no case outstanding. Mr. Honoré Ewach, of Winnipeg, continues to supply booklets for the enterprising "Culture and Education" series; the Rev. Stepan Semchuk has written a brief history of the Uniate Church, including its Orthodox antecedents; and the Rev. Antin Luhovy has issued an interesting diglott (Ukrainian and English) collection of Old Testament stories. In the English version, printed facing the Ukrainian text, the spelling of proper names is fairly uniformly that of the Vulgate rather than the form usually employed in English. Quaint examples are Noe, Josue, Sem, Cham, Chanaan, Noemi, Isai, Heli, Saba, Achab, Eliseus, Ezechias, and Nebuchodonosor (for Noah, Joshua, Shem, Ham, Canaan, Naomi, Jesse, Eli, Sheba, Ahab, Elisha, Hezekiah, and Nebuchadnezzar). The publication of a bilingual edition is an interesting concession to a community in linguistic transition. Any Anglo-Canadian wishing to learn Ukrainian would find it exceedingly useful. The only piece of really creative writing in Ukrainian for 1944 is a four-act comedy by Wasyl Toolivetroo, of Hamilton, entitled *Shchaslyve y Vesele Zhyttya.* The characters are mostly Communist Ukrainian-Canadians, male and female, of the Ukrainian Labour-Farmer Temple Association, whose sedition and folly are held up to ridicule by the author.

There have also been a number of yearbooks and albums issued by such foreign-language organizations as the Icelandic National League, the Ukrainian Canadian Committee, and the Czechoslovak National Alliance in Canada.

A booklet entitled *Canadians on the March* gives the text of seventeen English-language radio broadcasts over western stations, sponsored by the Ukrainian Canadian Cultural Group, of Yorkton. The series was known as "Canada United," and stressed patriotic unity in the upbuilding of our national life.

A new development this past year was the appearance of two New-Canadian books that employed the French language. In his *Groupe 303*, Arkady Fiedler, a Polish author, deals with the conspicuous part played by Polish aviators in the winning of the Battle of Britain. Z. B. Markevitch is a Ukrainian *émigré*, who likewise uses French, in his *Steppes d'Ukraine*, to present conditions in that unhappy land in the period between the wars.

CHECK-LIST OF TITLES

Buzek (Karel) *et al.*, eds., Památník Československé Kanady (Czech, "Czechoslovak album of Canada," Toronto, Czechoslovak National Alliance). **Ewach (Honoré)**, Shtob vas liudy liubyly (Ukr. "How to make friends," 31 pp., 20c.); Tsikavi opovidannya z davn'oyi istoriyi Kanady (Ukr. "Interesting tales from the early history of Canada," 38 pp., 20c.) (both published by "Culture and Education," Box 3113, Winnipeg). **Fiedler (Arkady)**, Groupe 303 (Montréal, Édns. Variétés, 222 pp., $1.25). **Guttormsson (G. J.)**, Hunangsflugur (Icel. "Honey-bees," Winnipeg, Columbia Press, 128 pp., $1.50). **Janzen (J. H.)**, Biblische Geschichten für die Sonntagschule (Ger. "Bible stories for the Sunday School," Rosthern, Sask., Dietrich H. Epp, publ., 250 pp.); Die Geschichte der Grafschaft Ebenfeld (Ger. "The story of Plainfield County," Waterloo, privately mimeographed, vols. III and IV, 192, 194 pp.); Sechsunddreissig Biblische Geschichten aus dem Alten und Neuen Testament ausgewählt, in 64 Lektionen eingeteilt und dargeboten (Ger. "Thirty-six Bible stories chosen from the Old and New Testaments, divided and provided in 64 lessons," Rosthern, Dietrich H. Epp, 3 vols. in one, 523 pp.). **Klassen (Peter)**, Fabeln (Ger. "Fables," privately mimeographed by the author, Box 75, Superb, Sask., 75 pp., $1.00). **Luhovy (Antin)**, Bibliyna Istoriya, Chast' persha, Stariy Zavit—Bible history, Part 1, Old Testament (Ukr. and Eng., Winnipeg, Missionary Society of St. Josaphat, 136 pp.). **Markevitch (Z.-B.)**, Steppes d'Ukraine: entre deux guerres, chronique de famille (Montréal, Beauchemin, 183 pp., $1.00). **Methodius (Brother S.)** ed., Canadians on the march (Yorkton, Sask., Ukrainian Canadian Cultural Group, Box 743, Yorkton, 52 pp.). **Semchuk (Stepan)**, Korotka Istoriya Nashoyi Tserkvy (Ukr. "Short history of our church," Yorkton, Sask., Ukrainian Catholic Brotherhood of Canada, 40 pp.). **Toolivetroo (W.)**, Shchaslyve y Vesele Zhyttya (Ukr. "A fortunate and merry life," Winnipeg, Promin Publishing Co., 623 Selkirk Ave., 59 pp., 35c.).

V. REMAINING MATERIAL THE EDITOR AND OTHERS

This essay completes the survey of Letters in Canada in 1944 by dealing with Miscellaneous English-Canadian Prose. Section I covers Narrative and Descriptive Writing, including Biography and Autobiography. Sections II and III, supplied by Mr. Philip Child, present works dealing with the War (II) and with Canada and the Post-War World (III). Section IV is Professor A. Brady's annual review of scholarship in the Social Sciences. Section V contains, besides Mr. Donald Buchanan's account of Criticism of the Arts, brief notices of other Critical Essays and writings in the fields of Religion and Education.

I

Among the very few volumes in 1944 with any claim whatsoever to distinction as narrative and descriptive writing, two were by women authors of some repute. Both were autobiographical in form, and one of them in substance. And each marked a decisive stage in its author's career. *The House of All Sorts*, by Miss Emily Carr, seemed to conclude an effort in letters, unusual in its late and brilliant beginning, while *Partner in Three Worlds*, by Dorothy Duncan (Mrs. Hugh MacLennan), gave a hope for her future performance quite absent from *Here's to Canada* (1942).

The death of Miss Emily Carr at seventy-four, news of which reaches me as I pen these words, is a loss to Canadian literature as well as to Canadian painting—yet not perhaps so much a loss as an occasion for honouring a really notable achievement. For in her painting, to which she devoted the best years of her life, she gave us quantity and quality, and it is clear that when, at seventy, she turned to "the other harmony of prose," what she had to give us was one thing of unique value, the little volume *Klee Wyck* (1942). In it she was able to exploit in words the sensibility that heretofore had found expression in her pictures. Within its limits it was a masterpiece, worthy of its place on the still almost empty shelf of Canadian classics, beside Mr. Grove's *Over Prairie Trails* and *The Turn of the Year*. *The House of All Sorts* belongs not with *Klee Wyck*, but with *The Book of Small* (1943), on a lower and, naturally enough, a better filled shelf in our library. In these two later volumes there is the fundamental honesty, simplicity, and directness of *Klee Wyck*, but not the peculiar sensibility with its flashes of insight and its unforgettable etching of scenes. *The Book of Small*, by virtue of its subject matter, made a twofold claim on our attention, as a record of the early life of an independent and strong-minded Canadian woman and a great artist, and as a record of how people lived and thought in a remote part of the Dominion sixty years ago. *The House of All Sorts* carries on the story in the days when, convinced of her inability to live by her art, Miss Carr built, furnished, and ran a small apartment house in Victoria. The subject is less interesting to the imagination and the historical sense; and, while the writing is not markedly inferior to that of *The Book of Small*, there is an uneasy impression that the well of memory, which

once flowed so freely, is running low. And these facts are sufficient to make the reader for the first time acutely conscious of the absence of reflection, of mature thought. Miss Carr's equipment, we realize, was wholly that of the artist, not at all that of the thinker. Painting was her true medium, and nature and primitive life, her proper subject matter. In *Klee Wyck* she was able to rely on her artist's sensibility and to treat her subject matter as successfully in words as in colour and line. But the later volumes, and especially *The House of All Sorts*, reveal to us how limited was her range. All her scenes are Canadian and from her own experience, and this will appear to some critics to give them a peculiar merit and authenticity; but it cannot compensate for the absence, in very many of them, of permanent significance, of anything for the mind to take hold of. It is proper, I think, that these distinctions should be made. The best way to honour the memory of Emily Carr in letters is to insist on the uniqueness of *Klee Wyck*.

Dorothy Duncan has sought, or at all events found, a new subject matter by passing beyond the limits of her actual experience, and the result has been a remarkable accession of power and the emergence of unsuspected gifts of imagination and expression. *Partner in Three Worlds* is the free retelling in the first person of the life-story of a Czech (called in the book Jan Rieger): his childhood years of poverty in Prague under Austrian rule, his first world, culminating in his varied experiences in the first world war, his life in the new Czechoslovakia, his second world, and finally his adjustment to America, his third. The book is not equally successful throughout. It fails to communicate the charm of the personality, on which so much stress is laid in the "Word Beforehand." Its merit lies rather in its presentation of scenes, and here the first part attempts much more than the second and third, and achieves much greater success. The presentation of the child's view of his immediate surroundings, and gradually of the great and picturesque city, is marked by skill, by psychological insight, and by a real talent for description. It is here that *Partner in Three Worlds* suggests the possibility of important work to be done by Mrs. MacLennan, perhaps in the form of fiction.

In earlier surveys we have had occasion to remark on the historical value of memorial, and privately printed, biographies, by Mr. Langton and others. *Charles Fleetwood Sise, 1834-1918: A Biography*, by R. C. Fetherstonhaugh, is a good example of the type, reflecting equal credit on the research of its author and the care and taste of the printer, the Gazette Printing Company of Montreal. The opening chapters are on the history of the Sise family in Ireland and New England; the next group, on the early seafaring career of Charles Fleetwood Sise. To the reader interested in ships and the hazards of the sea, the two sets of chapters, taken together, make pleasant and informative reading, carrying him from shipwreck and privateers in the eighteenth century, through the War of 1812, on to the American Civil War and the ships of the Confederacy. Not till this point does the subject of the biography experience the transfer from sail to steam,

and his last marine adventure, a voyage round the world in the late sixties, was actually under sail. The main theme of the book throughout is the commercial fortunes of the family and of its representative member. In the second half ships disappear, and first insurance, and then the new invention, the Bell Telephone, take their place. The scene shifts to Canada, and we are given the history of the organization and phenomenal increase of telephonic communication in this country, in which Charles Fleetwood Sise played a leading role. The volume would be described as competently written history, and it preserves a nice sense of proportion and a due dignity of presentation. If it contains no flashes of insight or brilliant generalizations, and conveys as biography little sense of a personality, these are virtues not readily united with this type of book and its purpose.

One cannot but lament that John W. Dafoe, whose death was an immense loss to the community and not merely to letters, did not live to write his autobiography. For his varied and significant experiences could not but have made it an interesting and important book, and his personality and powers of expression might well have made it a great one. We understand that his life is to be written, and we hope that the author will rise to the height of his argument. Meanwhile the articles on Mr. Dafoe produced at the time of his death by his colleagues of the *Free Press* have been issued in pamphlet form. They are inevitably slight, though of some value as a record. They are written with affection, and in some cases with dignity and restraint. They emphasize the honour in which he was held and the place which he occupied in the national life. Both facts have been further testified by the large fund raised for the establishment of a foundation in his memory. It is perhaps permissible to mention here the passing of another great Canadian, honoured in his lifetime by an important lectureship in his own university, Professor W. J. Alexander. Though much less in the public eye than Mr. Dafoe, his work was not less important, or his personality less potent, or his influence less strong and beneficial. He was a fine scholar, an inspired teacher, and a great and good man. Articles on him and his work appeared in the QUARTERLY for October, 1944, and have been issued in pamphlet form.

The March of Medicine in Western Ontario, by Edwin Seaborn, is not an easy work to place or to review. To its making has gone much research into the lives of early and now forgotten practitioners, which will be of unquestionable value to the local historian. The staple of the book is indeed history of the parish register variety, and it has the merits and the limitations of its kind. Every fact discovered is thought worthy of its place in the record, even when no effort of synthesis is possible; and indeed Dr. Seaborn is much more diligent in collection than careful to discover and reveal the significance of what he collects. From his pages the reader may perhaps plot the march of medicine, but he receives little guidance from the author. The division of the work into three parts represents an effort of organization, but so disproportionate are they, and so hetero-

geneous the material they contain, that the effort seems arbitrary and ineffective: (i) Indian Medicine (10 pages, commencing with the Aztecs); (ii) French Medicine (22 pages, broken up into 14 sections with such headings as "Geography Anatomized," "The Western Coast," introduced solely to remark that the Spaniards and Russians must have had their medical men, and "Smallpox among the Mandans," an original account in English, already printed in the *Mississippi Valley Historical Review;* (iii) English Medicine (345 pages, divided into 24 chapters). In this third part, which inevitably is, and should have been presented as, the main body of the book, the chapters bear topical headings, and are in general, chronological in arrangement, but the substance of the majority is biographical and here, and in the larger deposits of local history, completeness of the factual record rather than significance, or even relevance, has been the criterion. The material then challenges our interest in itself rather than in its bearing on the march of medicine, and at some points it does so with success.

A book of solid merits, full of interest, and admirably written, is Professor Fred Landon's *Lake Huron*, the sole Canadian contribution to "The American Lakes Series." The first of its five parts is historical and devoted to "Early Days on Lake Huron," commencing with the first explorers and the Jesuit fathers, and concluding with the War of 1812. Here Mr. Landon's learning, his historical imagination, and his excellent narrative style, appear to advantage. The second part is topographical, and traces the shore-line of the great lake, noting its natural features and the life and occupations of its inhabitants, and commenting on the local history of the various regions. The third presents "Four Lake Huron Stories": Mrs. Jameson's journeyings there, William Beaumont's impressive medical researches, piracy and border raids on the St. Clair River around 1838, and two tragedies of the lakes, the sinking of the steamer *Pewabic* by her sister-ship the *Meteor*, in 1865, and the foundering of the *Asia* in a gale, in 1882. They are told with vivid detail, and if they seem a little extraneous to the main subject of the book, they nevertheless add to its interest and readability, and the final story leads on naturally to the fourth and last section, "The Ships and the Men who Sail Them," a subject which shares Mr. Landon's heart with the stirring deeds of explorers, missionaries, and soldiers, and in which he is clearly no less knowledgeable. I think we may feel a reasonable pride in this Canadian contribution to the series.

Another Canadian contribution to a set of volumes, mainly American, is the latest book in the "Seaport Series" (Doubleday, Doran): *Quebec: Historic Seaport*, whose rather unexpected author is Miss Mazo de la Roche. She comes to her task with a reputation won in fiction, and in fiction of a highly specialized sort. My acquaintance with Miss de la Roche's work is not exhaustive, but whatever I have read suggests that Jalna is her home, and that away from it much of her power and something of her skill habitually forsake her. She has tried her hand at other subjects, but she is really

one of the least versatile of our more important writers. *Quebec: Historic Seaport* is a readable, but a disappointing book. All the emphasis falls on the adjective, none on the noun. Nobody can write about ports and ships save one who loves them, as Mr. Landon obviously does. Jalna is a long way from salt water, and in spirit at least, just as far from fresh. So what we have is an agreeable piece of historical writing from the pen of a gifted amateur, whose subject is conceived as French Canada, mainly before the Conquest (150 out of 200 pages). Of modern Quebec, save as it is haunted by the ghosts of the past, she has nothing significant to say. Miss de la Roche writes well, and the novelist's feeling for pictorial detail and human interest does not altogether leave her. But she has no special insight into her subject and no valuable reflections to make upon it. Of the romance of Quebec we are not now to be told.

Of that precisely, however, we continue to be told. In a Canadian series entitled "The Romance of Canada," Mr. E. C. Woodley presents *The Province of Quebec through Four Centuries*. With its abundant illustrations and simple style, it is presumably designed for school reading, and is a workmanly effort, and much more comprehensive than Miss de la Roche's. For while romantic incident predominates, it does not preclude attention to other matters. Commencing with a rapid survey of the province's physical surface, Mr. Woodley goes on to its earliest inhabitants, and the coming of the white man. Then, with the founding of New France, he settles down to historical narrative, in which the French period gets more space than the English, but without an undue slighting of the latter. And the book concludes with brief chapters on literature, the arts and crafts, and the chief industries of Quebec, agriculture, manufacture, and mining. If the other provinces receive equally satisfactory treatment, the result will be a valuable addition to the school library.

In *The Romance of the Alaska Highway* Mr. Philip Godsell seizes the moment of popular interest and produces a book about the regions through which it passes and about the work on the highway itself. He writes from his own knowledge, and vividly enough, but too much in the tradition of the wild North-West of Indians, gold-diggers, and Mounties. The book makes good reading for the boys of all ages who like such things, but is much less informative than, despite its title, one had hoped. It is supplemented by *Alaska and the Canadian Northwest: Our New Frontier*, by Harold Griffin. This is highly intelligent reporting of the contemporary scene by a practised journalist who knows how to blend information with narrative and description, and to season the whole with anecdote and personality. It is a valuable, as well as an entertaining, little book.

Two or three other works of narrative and description may be briefly dismissed. *Peggy's Cove*, by J. F. B. Livesay, is an effort to recapture and present the atmosphere and the characters of a remote fishing village on the Nova Scotian coast, where the author spent his summers. The slender volume is illustrated with photographs, and is nicely produced by the Ryerson

Press. But it is a failure. The reported utterance of the inhabitants is commonplace and unconvincing, and the writing throughout is marred by a total absence of finesse and a far too obvious striving for humorous effects. *Southern Sky Trails*, by Norman Holland, disarms criticism by announcing that it "does not claim to possess the slightest literary merit," having been undertaken for the writer's own pleasure and published to raise money for charity. It has some good photographs and at least one unaffected and interesting record of flying experience, a trip over the Kaieteur Falls in British Guiana. *Life in India*, by Miss Jessie Duncan, likewise uses no art at all. Its tone throughout is commonplace in the last degree, and its general reflections on its subject, of no consequence. But as a record (when the author permits herself to give it) of facts that came under her observation in her long and faithful service as a teacher in mission schools, it is not without interest. To biography, rather than criticism, belong the very slight essays that make up Archer Wallace's *In Spite of All*. As the title suggests, they deal with authors, and one or two others, who overcame physical or mental disabilities and did a great work. The book is agreeably written, but it attempts no new appraisal or explanation. It is directed to edification and encouragement, and in the essay on William Cowper, for example, it appears somewhat (though no doubt unconsciously) to distort the facts to these ends.

II

In *The Oxford Periodical History of the War*, Edgar McInnis records the fifth year of the war with the judgment and accuracy of the trained historian and with the same skill in catching the epic sweep of events that he has revealed in previous issues of this history. The quarterly instalments dealing with the fourth year of the war, which we reviewed last year, have now been reissued in a single volume with the title, *The War: Fourth Year*. To this reissue, it should be noted, have been added an introduction by Viscount Wavell and a valuable documentary appendix which contains the text of the resolution dissolving the Comintern, evidence concerning the political and military revival of France, and official papers and radio messages called forth by the circumstances of Italy's surrender.

A decade in Europe with a roving commission as a foreign correspondent for a Canadian newspaper is Matthew Halton's background for *Ten Years to Alamein*, a book which relates "the impact of history on one observer," and which is studded with vivid impressions of the troubled years before and after Munich. It records the author's interviews with such makers of history as Goering, Dolfüss, Reynaud, Herriot, Lord Cecil, Lloyd George—and with the man in the street in London, Paris, Madrid, Berlin, and Prague. The book is divided into two parts. In the first part the author's chief concern is, in his own words, "with what I regard as the most engrossing and sinister political phenomenon in my reading of modern history—not the rise of Hitlerism, but the paralytic 'instinct of property' which prevented

us from stopping Hitlerism while there was time." Mr. Halton does not believe that the explanation of the policy of appeasement lay only in the "blindness" and "stupidity" of Democracy's leaders, though he quotes a remark of Lord Cecil's to the contrary: "They are neither so malignant nor so far-sighted as your idea would suggest. They are blind and nervous men, that's all. And don't you see, your theory actually proves their stupidity! They must be stupid if they do not see that Hitlerism to-day is a greater menace to their system than Communism to-morrow." The author castigates the England that shamefully permitted the triumph of the Yahoos at Munich—"happily . . . a world that is dead or dying." But coexistent with this England there were other and truer Englands:

> There are many Englands to love, some of them hauntingly beautiful. There is the England of what by almost common consent is the loveliest countryside on earth, the England evoked by Rupert Brooke's line, "In Avons of the heart her rivers run," the England of the magic spring evening when it seems that a hushed world is waiting for the nightingale to sing. There is the England of roaring fires in cheerful pubs; of the picturesque towns and villages and the great cathedrals; of the stirring memories of a stirring history. There is the England of splendid people and sturdy character, and in my opinion there is more solid good character in Britain than elsewhere. There is the England of civilized conversation, of lofty thought and eloquence—compare the House of Commons with any other assembly. There is the England of the poets, who still burgeon there, and the England where there is still not the frightened distaste of culture which undermines education in North America. There is the England of resolute, sturdy independence which gave democracy to the world. There is the England of the supremely gallant—of the citizens of London, of the Eighth Army, of the Royal Navy and of the R.A.F.; the England of Shakespeare Cliff, where the vastly outnumbered few saved civilization, and which had no thought of surrender when it stood alone and unarmed against the most monstrous machine in history. There is the England of Churchill, her greatest son.

The author went to Spain during the Civil War, visited a Nazi concentration camp, accompanied the German army during the occupation of Prague, and saw Daladier, Chamberlain, Mussolini, and Hitler emerge from a building in Munich after signing a scrap of paper. But the most moving chapter in the book is that which describes his impressions of the Czechs when the Germans marched into the Sudetenland. He records that on that day a Czech newspaper wrote, "We bequeath our sorrows to the French and British peoples." He tells of taking to the Czechoslovakian censor a dispatch describing the resignation of President Beneš. "In the dispatch I quoted an anecdote going the rounds in Prague. Beneš had received a telegram of condolence from Haile Selassie. 'God bless you,' it ran, 'I had the same friends.' The censor struck it out. 'We cannot allow cynicism even now.' " The second part of the book is entitled "Reaping the Whirlwind." It relates the author's experiences in the Syrian campaign and in Africa with the British Eighth Army up to the Battle of Alamein. There is also a description of his trip to India during the retreat from Burma. In this chapter he discusses the negotiations over the Cripps plan.

They Left the Back Door Open is also by a Canadian war correspondent, L. S. B. Shapiro, who gives an eye-witness's account of the taking of Sicily

and of the Italian campaign to the end of the Battle of Salerno Beachhead. The author is less concerned than Mr. Halton with the political and social background of the war; he keeps his eye pretty steadily fixed on the soldier, particularly the Canadian soldier, whether in action or waiting for action. This book abounds in quotable passages about individual Canadians in the heat of battle—how they looked, how they felt, the words they spoke, and what they did. Mr. Shapiro's record of what he has seen has not quite the personal intensity, mounting at times almost to passion, of Mr. Halton's but it is a vividly written book and the writer is always finely aware that the courage of a soldier risking his life is a sober reality which should neither be taken for granted nor exploited in set pieces of facile heroics. Canadians who have had friends or relatives in Italy will want to read this book.

Canada's War at Sea is in two parts. The first part, written by Stephen Leacock, and perhaps the last work from his illustrious pen, is entitled "Canada and the Sea." In sixty pages of text (illustrated, as is Part II, with maps and coloured reproductions of paintings) the author describes with characteristic charm the role that the sea and the inland lakes and waterways have played in Canadian history from the time the Norsemen crossed to Greenland and Vineland in their "foamy-necked floaters" down to the period of the last war. Pythias and his Ultima Thule, Leif Ericsson, Jacques Cartier, Radisson, LaSalle, Iberville, Sir John Franklin, Stefansson, and many other familiar figures of history and romance appear again briefly in these pages. There is, besides, much interesting information on such subjects as the following: "early navigation," "ships and rigging," "the amazing Mr. Dobbs searches for India in Manitoba" (a subtitle that ought to titillate the curiosity of any reader), "the fur companies reach the Pacific," etc. . . . Part I is a kind of prologue to "Canada and the War At Sea," which is written by Leslie Roberts, and which contains additional chapters by Wallace Ward and Alexander Morton on ships and shipbuilding. When Mr. Roberts tells us in fitting words of the exploits of the Canadian Navy and of the Merchant Marine down to 1943, the "battles long ago" which Stephen Leacock narrates recede into a past so different from our own age of steel as to seem almost legendary. And yet only a year or two ago, during this war, the name "frigate" came back into naval parlance. This reviewer would like to think that some frigate, built on the Lakes but built of steel now, had tied up on Toronto's waterfront on its way to war—that same waterfront where only a little over a century ago the wooden frigate *Madison* anchored with Chauncey and Pike aboard, on their way to attack Muddy York.

During the year a number of books have dealt with Canada's part in the air war. First to be mentioned is *The R.C.A.F. Overseas*, which is written by members of the Historical Section of the Royal Canadian Air Force, and which covers the period from February, 1940 to August, 1943. Though this book refers occasionally to the thousands of Canadians serving

in the R.A.F., it is in the main concerned with the activities of the R.C.A.F. One of the most interesting chapters in the book is that which describes the part No. 1 Squadron R.C.A.F. played in the Battle of Britain, during eight weeks of which it "was in the front line, making two or three scrambles every day and being on the receiving end of bombing attacks by day and by night . . . . During the eight weeks that No. 1 Fighter was engaged in the Battle of Britain, the score for the Canadians was 31 enemy air craft destroyed and many more probably destroyed—for a loss of 16 Hurricanes. Of the pilots of the 16 Hurricanes, three were killed in action and 10 wounded or injured." In this account the authors do justice to the ground crews as well as to the fighting pilots: "Only once, on September 27th—and then only for a short time—was the squadron's operational strength of twelve aircraft seriously diminished because of unserviceable machines." The Honourable C. G. Power explains in a Foreword that the complete and detailed history of Canada's part in the war in the air cannot, because of the necessities of censorship, be written at present. Nevertheless this book will have a permanent place among the histories of our war effort. . . . In *Hi-Sky!: The Ups and Downs of a Pinfeather Pilot*, Flying Officer Alec McAlister writes blithely of his training as a fighter pilot in Canada. The ups and downs are told with equal gaiety and charm in what is a very readable book. . . . Flight Lieutenant D. A. MacMillan, in *Only the Stars Know*, writes of a Yorkshire bomber station and of the lives, characters, and exploits of those Canadians who operated from it. . . . *First Steps to Tokyo*, by Flying Officer D. F. Griffin, relates the story of those R.C.A.F. squadrons which went to Alaska to assist in the defence of that territory and the recapture of the lost Aleutian Islands.

The *Diary of a Canadian Fighter Pilot*, by Flying Officer W. S. Large, who flew a Spitfire in the Tunisian campaign, covers a period of about two months up to January 1, 1943, when its author was reported missing. He tells simply and realistically of many air combats beginning on the day of the invasion. The most vivid of the episodes in the diary is about a bale-out over enemy territory and the writer's escape to allied lines after watching, unmolested, while German troops marched by in retreat. We quote his description of the bale-out after his Spitfire collided with another:

> The force of the blow cut my tail completely off and I found myself in a flat spin. I jettisoned my hood, undid my straps and helmet and attempted to climb out. The centrifugal force was terrific, however, and I was unable to lift myself off my seat. I might just as well have been strapped in. I remember thinking, what a hell of a way to die—all the time in the world to bale out and I was powerless to move, because of this pressure, centrifugal force, which is familiar to all pilots. It must have slackened off eventually, however, for I was thrown clear at approximately three thousand and found myself falling through space with the remains of my Spitty still taking passes at me. After the wing had struck me once, it occurred to me that I had better pull my rip-cord, which I did, and my chute opened almost simultaneously. Shortly after, my aircraft struck the deck and burst into flame.

Checkmate in the North, by Lieutenant-Commander W. G. Carr, brings home the far-reaching potentialities of modern air power by discussing "how the Axis planned to invade America." The author asserts that "careful study would indicate that the newest Nazi plan for the invasion of the Americas was timed for the early winter of 1941-42. It apparently was designed to conform to the now well-known 'Pincers' movement." Without stating the sources of his information he then describes in considerable detail the strategy of this attack. He believes that it would have been a fourfold invasion by the Germans and the Japanese: of Quebec via Iceland, Greenland, Labrador, and Lake St. John; of Alaska and the Yukon via the Aleutian Islands; of South America from Africa in the one direction and from Oceania in the other. A large part of the book is devoted to an interesting description of one of the projects undertaken in order to defend Canada against the north-eastern prong of this fourfold invasion—namely, the building of the Goose Bay Air Base in Labrador. . . . If Lieutenant-Commander Carr's principal concern is with the impact of global air power in this war, that of Air Marshall William A. Bishop, V.C. is with its implications in the future. In *Winged Peace*, Canada's most famous fighter pilot tells of "the Air Age, its birth, its future, and its impact in terms of progress or devastation." Much of what he says will be no news to people who have looked with imagination and realism on what is happening in the world, but Air Marshall Bishop's experience and his detailed knowledge of all that pertains to aviation, make this an important book. He believes that this air age presents two alternatives to the world: winged peace or winged war. He holds that we can achieve enduring peace only if we "accept the implications of world citizenship superimposed on national citizenship." He concludes that "The League of Nations, or something very much like the League, is our proper step. This time, however, we must make it, in every sense of the term, a true world government, governing for man. Whatever its other functions will be, it must control world aviation, both military and civil."

Above all other wars this world war tests in some way or another the morale of every individual in the warring nations whether he be an active combatant, a bombed non-combatant, a man on the home front trying to do an ordinary job under extraordinary pressure and trying at the same time to do his part to preserve the decencies and standards which once were taken for granted, or the prisoner in an enemy *stalag* or civilian concentration camp. The most realistic and best written account of the life of a private citizen imprisoned in an Axis country is contained in *My Life with the Enemy*, by Phyllis Argall, a Canadian journalist who during many months fought the private battle of morale in a Japanese prison. After relating her experiences in Formosa and Japan before Pearl Harbor, she describes the hardships, the inquisitions, and above all the uncertainties and suspense of imprisonment. Miss Argall learnt what it is to live in solitary confinement and to be thrown upon one's own mental resources

for the preserving of one's sanity. She describes the sway of her battle *in foro interno* with a rare power of introspection. If these introspections avoided the morass of the morbid—and they did—that is simply because this prisoner had the courage and intelligence to use her imagination not against herself, but as an instrument by which she could rise above her own private fate. A short quotation will indicate the insight with which she writes of her experiences:

> On the fourth day the mat was taken out, and I was given an iron cot. The installation of the cot, which was nailed down to the floor, indicated that my period of occupancy would be rather more than temporary, which was somewhat discouraging. But, since nothing would alter my period of tenure, I was at least glad I should not be forced to spend all that time on the floor. With the mat out, I could wear my shoes.
>
> The wearing of shoes and the sitting on a bed may seem small things, but I discovered how tremendously important they could be. There is something terrifyingly demoralizing about sitting all day curled up in a corner of the floor, like a captive beast cowering in its pen. Scientists, who tell us that man's first advance from the animal came when he began to stand upright, have expressed a sound psychological fact.

In order to pass the time and to make a life for herself beyond that of a mere animal existence within narrow walls that never changed their aspect, she tried talking to the sparrows in the prison yard, enticing them to the window sill with crumbs of bread pushed painstakingly through the small mesh of the screening: "On the 8th of March, one consented to take a crumb from my fingertips, pressed close to the wire . . . . . A few weeks later, she brought two pinfeathered babies to be fed on what she had apparently decided was the perfect baby food. But much as I wanted them to, they never stopped to talk." The prisoner had other resources. She tore up a magazine advertisement of the State of Pennsylvania and used the fragments as a jigsaw puzzle until the scraps were taken away from her. "Prisoners were not supposed to amuse themselves." She discovered "that even concrete can have shades and colour values, less obvious and far more transient and delicate than brick. At sunrise my wall was dull silver, with a faint rose blush. At sunset, it was again silver, but gleaming, like a silver sheet reflecting gold." Remembered fragments of literature helped her, too. She derived comfort and interest from the Psalms of David, but even more from an old friend of college days, the complaint of the heathen minstrel Deor, with its lyric refrain: *That passed away; this also may*. "Like him bereft of friends, of home, of family, in a foreign land, I found in his hard philosophy a greater stay than any gentler sympathy could have been." Time did pass for her as for the minstrel Deor, and in the end she was freed from prison. But freedom itself was a state of mind which she had forgotten and had to relearn. "It was hours after I was released from prison . . . before I knew what it was to be free. We had been talking in Georgia's room, when I found I wanted something from my own. I rose to go and get it. But at the door I stopped bewildered. The door had a handle on the inside. It was one hundred and eighty days since I had last opened a door for myself."

In leaving books that bear directly on the war, we must not omit to mention one about Britain's leader. John Coulter's *Churchill* presents the life of England's greatest Prime Minister in a series of vignettes which the author hopes "may together constitute a not unfaithful portrait, a rapid panoramic sketch of Mr. Churchill."

III

People in the United Nations have come to regard this war as only the first phase—though a terrible phase—of the larger problem of creating a more enduring peace than that of Versailles. During the year a number of books, and more pamphlets, have considered various aspects of the larger problem. We shall mention, first of all, *The Nations Have Declared*, a useful pamphlet published by the Canadian Institute of International Affairs, in which are gathered together the documents issued by the United Nations on the subject of the plans and principles envisaged for the future world order. In it the reader may find source documents concerning the Four Freedoms, the Atlantic Charter, the Declaration of the United Nations, the various mutual aid agreements, the Moscow, Teheran, and Cairo conferences; the constitution of UNRRA; etc. Lorna Savage has supplied what comments are necessary about the historical background of these documents.

Two books discuss the problem of creating peace, with special reference in each case to one of the nations now at war. Dimitri J. Tosevic, a Jugoslavian living in Canada, in *Not Nazis but Germans*, maintains the thesis that not merely Hitler and the Nazis, but the whole German people must bear the responsibility for the war. He believes that in the political reconstitution of Europe the formation of a group of democracies patterned on the design of the Czechoslavakian Republic would have the approval of most Europeans and would equally ensure against a revival of Pan-Germanism and the growth of extreme and conflicting ideologies whether of the Right or of the Left. In *Russia and the Peace*, Sir Bernard Pares, whose right to speak authoritatively on Russian affairs is recognized internationally, tells of the needs, hopes, and beliefs of contemporary Russia and presents their historical background. He states his reasons for holding that Russia can be, and should be, trusted as a partner in the task of creating a peaceful world.

The special problems of Canada in the building of peace are discussed in many of their aspects in a number of books and pamphlets. *Prepare for Peace*, by W. L. Morton, is a report of the Study Conference of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs on the subject of Canadian foreign and domestic policy after the war. Similarly, Grant Dexter's *Canada and the Building of Peace* is a book drafted first of all as background material for a C.I.I.A. study conference, and subsequently re-drafted in the light of what was discussed at that conference. Several books deal with post-war reconstruction in Canada or with the connected subject of the future de-

velopment of Canada's resources. *Arctic Eldorado*, by Raymond Arthur Davies, publicizes the potentialities of our undeveloped North-West and asserts that in this lack of development lies a danger of future war with overpopulated Europe and cramped Asia . . . . Two books discuss post-war Canada from points of view of special interest to men and women at present in the services. *All Clear, Canada!* by Jim Wright, presents sketches of Canadians co-operating in the waging of war, and in a running commentary suggests the need and the possibility of carrying over that spirit of co-operation to the democratic tasks of peace-time life. In *When the Boys Come Home*, C. N. Senior discusses in a practical way the plans of the Canadian Government for assisting ex-servicemen. He deals with the Post-Discharge Re-establishment Order, the Veterans' Land Act, pensions, veterans' educational assistance, hospitals and medical care for ex-servicemen, etc. This inexpensive and useful booklet should be put within the reach of every man and woman in Canada's armed forces.

One monster that will have to be slain before the world can come to a peaceful order is the hydra-headed monster Prejudice, who not so long ago used to live in the dark corners and mental slums of mankind on whatever stray crumbs of hatred men let fall in their unguarded moments; but who for some years now has been the honoured guest at the banquet of war, where he dines on human flesh, with nations to wait on him and with the mystagogues of racism to catch the slaver from his lips. The Nazis have shown that a people can be united to a purpose by a weld made of hatred and antagonisms; the world of nations has still to prove that it can be united in the brotherhood of man. In *A Panorama of Prejudice* Harry Cohen, K.C., discusses anti-semitism as it has existed through the ages and as it exists at the present in fascist countries—and, in a different way, in the democracies. Some readers will consider that it is "bad taste" on the part of the author to question the historicity of the accepted version as to who was responsible for the death of Jesus; such readers should, however, reflect that to believe, as not a few "Christians" have believed and do believe, that the crucifixion of Christ justifies an eternal hatred of Jews, is to travesty the teachings of One who was born of a Jewish mother.

Books which deal with Canadian politics or with conflicting Canadian ideologies, especially with the modern dichotomizing of political thought into Right and Left, are not quite as numerous as last year, a fact which is somewhat surprising when one considers the growth of bitter controversialism in the daily press. The *Seven Pillars of Freedom*, by Watson Kirkconnell, is a controversial book. In it the author asserts his admiration for the contributions of Soviet Russia to the cause for which the United Nations are fighting. He insists, however, that Canadians are being duped by a false propaganda regarding the Soviet Union's economic and political system, and he believes that Russia's war record is being exploited by Canadian Leftists as part of a revolutionary offensive that has actually been intensified since the dissolution of the Comintern. In order to be

fair we must point out the fact—it will be no new discovery to most of our readers—that opponents have arisen to deny Professor Kirkconnell's charges. It is not necessarily the business of this survey to pronounce a judgment on controversial matters. For the present this reviewer is content to refer the reader to the books and pamphlets of Professor Kirkconnell and to those of his opponents, chief among whom is Mr. Raymond Arthur Davies. Aside from controversial matters the author makes an eloquent plea for the middle way of democracy whose seven foundations are, he believes, religious faith, co-operation, education, justice, discipline, fraternity, and loyalty . . . . The title of B. A. Trestrail's book, *Stand Up and Be Counted, Or Sit Still and Be Soaked* suggests that he does not like state socialism, regards it as an unwarranted regimentation of the individual, and thinks that the individual ought to do something about it. This impression of the author's intention is borne out by the text of his book. Socialists, however, present their own views, which needless to say are not Mr. Trestrail's, in a number of pamphlets, two of which may be mentioned here. *Canadian Progressives on the March: The Story of the Rise of the C.C.F.* is by the parliamentary leader of the party, M. J. Coldwell. It includes the text of the Regina manifesto and a discussion of the post-war programme of the party. *James Shaver Woodsworth—Untypical Canadian*, by Frank H. Underhill, gives a biographical account, in pamphlet form, of the founder of the C.C.F. *John Bracken Says*, is a collection of the political speeches of the leader of the Progressive Conservative party.

We close this section with a book which has nothing whatever to do with the alarums and excursions and conflicting ideologies of the war, or with the making of peace. (It would no doubt have gone into Professor Woodhouse's section, had not the title misled us.) This is a book, which permits us for once to forget the uses to which science has been put as the lethal instrument by which man has enlarged his destructive capacities, and considers only the romance of its history. Playing upon the title of T. A. Rickard's *The Romance of Mining* one is tempted to describe it as a journey "in the realms of gold." To be sure it is not Chapman's Homer, but it is written by a distinguished mining engineer who knows his Homer and refers to him, and who knows and refers to much else in the literature and culture of the world having a bearing on man's search for metals. The author has mined metals in many countries; he has mined literature and legendary lore about precious metals, particularly gold, no less industriously. If, for instance, a reader wishes to travel in the realms of gold, he will hear from Mr. Rickard of those early searchers for the Golden Fleece, the Argonauts; he will hear, too, of the origins of the legends of El Dorado; he will read of Frobisher's quest; and, coming down to modern times, he will read of the California gold rush, the Australian diggings, the Yukon, the Witwatersrand, and New Guinea gold. This is the most entertaining piece of "escapist" literature that this reviewer has read this year.

IV

The number of social studies by Canadians completed within recent years has steadily shrunk, and the shrinkage is most pronounced in 1944. The reasons are evident enough: the increased labours within the universities of economists, historians, and others, the almost ceaseless recruitment of academic men to government service in one form or another, and the high costs of, and cramping restraints imposed on, publishing by wartime conditions, especially the shortage of paper and labour. Yet despite the barriers to scholarly work and publication, a few significant studies are being completed and printed.

The two most notable books, both of a synthetic kind, published during the year are *Dominion of the North*, by Professor Donald G. Creighton of Toronto, and *Canadian Government and Politics*, by Professor H. McD. Clokie of the University of Manitoba.

Dominion of the North is a general history of Canada for college students and those outside the academic precincts who are interested in history. Since it is not intended primarily for specialists, it is without the usual scholastic baggage of numerous footnotes and appendices. Its merits are evident. It is excellently planned to ensure the maximum of integration, and the interrelationship of political, economic, and cultural forces in the evolution of Canada is achieved more effectively than in any other general history. It utilizes the considerable research in Canadian history of the past twenty-five years, and is written in a distinguished though nervous style. Dramatic incidents, when pertinent to the essential story, are here narrated with literary finish. Even the often-told tale of the fall of Quebec before the onslaught of Wolfe's army is related, not perhaps with fresh facts, but with fresh skill. The pen portraits of characters are succint and usually vivid. The national dualism of Canada, resting on the distinct cultures of British and French, is ably and sanely analysed. The evolution of Canadian federalism is traced with perception, although the socio-political basis of provincialism is perhaps not adequately assessed. Throughout this book Canadian history conforms to a clear and vivid pattern. The one doubt that the reader may entertain is whether the development of Canada really reveals such smooth inner logic. There are probably more unanswered questions in the historical interpretation of this country, especially during the past two generations, than are apparent from a reading of *Dominion of the North*. A similar criticism might be made of almost any history written with such literary persuasiveness. Reservations and alternative explanations are no more expressed in the pages of G. M. Trevelyan.

In *Canadian Government and Politics* Professor Clokie attempts to supply the need for a description and analysis of Canadian political institutions in brief compass. He has succeeded. College students who are beginning a study of Canadian government will turn to this elementary

volume, and will leave it satisfied. The author brings together in a clear and simple style the more salient facts concerning constitutional and political structure, not ignoring municipal institutions. A neat balance is maintained between generalization and factual illustration. More than sixty pages of appendices usefully include the British North America Act, the Statute of Westminster, and a few other significant documents. There is, of course, little in this volume about the dynamics of Canadian government, but a treatment of these was not Professor Clokie's aim.

A few books of a more specialized character make up the small quota of social studies in 1944.* An interesting type of survey, published jointly by the Dominion and Ontario Governments, is *A Report on the Ganaraska Watershed*, being a study in land use with plans for the rehabilitation of the area in the post-war period. This is a case investigation of an area about one hundred square miles in extent, which forcibly illustrates how natural wealth can be and has been squandered through unwise use and inadequate planning. The analysis of resources was carried out on a comprehensive scale, to include climate, soils, vegetation, forestry, agriculture, plant diseases, entomology, wild life, and waterflow. It was undertaken in part to provide research in conservational procedure, which would be valuable in guiding the many future surveys that are necessary if Canada is to protect her resources. It is of interest not merely to the specialist but to the citizen, who will find in this simply written and excellently illustrated volume a fascinating analysis of a problem which profoundly concerns him. It is to be hoped that the precedent set by the joint publication of this report will be followed in many other cases. One may also hope that more government reports in the future will be as handsomely published.

A different type of survey, carried out for the Dalhousie Institute of Public Affairs, is *The Economic Effects of the War on the Maritime Provinces of Canada*, by Professor B. S. Keirstead of McGill University. As the title suggests, this is a study of industry in one Canadian region, with some brief attention to the position of the regional economy within the national structure. First there is an analysis of basic Maritime industries prior to the present war, followed by a detailed study of the more immediate effects of the war upon the industries of manufacturing, forestry, coal and steel, agriculture, and fisheries. The sections on the fisheries and agriculture are written by two experts on these subjects, Professor Stewart Bates and J. H. Lattimer respectively. Professor Keirstead winds up the book with a general chapter on "Economic Effects of the War in Their Social and Political Applications," wherein he argues the ultimate need for the concen-

*A particularly informative monograph by an American scholar, published in Canada by the University of Toronto Press, and sponsored by the Canadian Social Science Research Council, is *British Colonial Theories, 1570-1850*, by Klaus E. Knorr of Stanford University. One merely mentions it here because of the auspices under which it is published; it cannot be claimed as a product of Canadian scholarship.

tration of more authority over the economy in a national government. This book, in contrast to previous volumes of the Dalhousie Institute, and despite its 224 pages, is merely mineographed, and more singularly has neither table of contents nor index. It collects much useful information on a regional economy, the fate of which is somewhat pessimistically viewed by the author, and as a study it is candidly described by Professor Keirstead himself as "necessarily partial and incomplete." A digest of this report in twenty-eight pages is published as a Dalhousie University Bulletin on Public Affairs under the title, *The Impact of the War on the Maritime Economy*.

Other surveys in pamphlet form were published in 1944 on the responsibility of either individuals or societies. Such was the *Kitchener-Waterloo Survey*, a survey carried out under the auspices of the Boards of Trade of Kitchener and Waterloo to discover the nature of the post-war economic problem in these twin cities. The conclusions of course rested not merely on some verifiable facts but on many assumptions not verifiable. Mr. Gilbert Jackson's *Facts in the Case* is probably the best popular treatment of what are likely to be the post-war economic problems of Canada. Its wide circulation is understandable in view of its clarity and its effective presentation of economic statistics along with enough realistic theory to enliven the reading.

Somewhat similar in character, but with less statistical weight, is *The Foundations of National Well-Being*, by Professor John L. McDougall of Queen's University, which presents in forty pages a cogent argument concerning the conditions on which a free society can achieve prosperity. His readable analysis is that of an economist in the strict liberal tradition.

Highly different is *The Battle of Home*, by Anthony Cekota, a Czech immigrant to Canada in 1939, who combines many things in his volume from a grim description of the Nazi occupation of his native country to the glories of a Canadian spring. It is well written for purposes of popular reading, and contains some interesting facts on the establishment in Canada of a branch of the Bata Shoe Company.

The only book to be included in this section, which really deals with international problems is *Canada and the World Tomorrow*, edited by Violet Anderson. It consists of popular addresses given in the summer of 1944 at the Canadian Institute of Public Affairs, Lake Couchiching. Topics dealt with are such matters as "Great Britain's Postwar Position," by Richard Miles of the British Embassy, Washington, "Some Problems in the Far East," by Sir George Sanson, "Canada and the British Commonwealth," by George W. Brown, and "International Cartel Policy," by Vincent Bladen. Other addresses examined domestic problems, including one on "Social Change in Quebec," by Senator Bouchard. The addresses constitute simple and brief essays, and the book as a whole is made useful for popular education by a series of select reading lists on the topics treated.

Canada in the Markets of Tomorrow embraces a series of lectures de-

livered at McGill University in the autumn of 1943, planned and arranged by the School of Commerce and the Advertising and Sales Executive Club of Montreal, with the co-operation of the McGill Associates. The lectures are of a variety that defy brief description. Broadly speaking they fall into two main categories: some deal with the national policies of post-war reconstruction and trade, while others pertain to the detailed marketing problems of specific industries. Inevitably they present abundant facts, and there is at least one brilliant synthesis, in the lecture "Tomorrow's World Trade" by Principal James of McGill.

Worthy of mention in this survey is the *Canadian Historical Review* Index for the years 1930-1939. A stout volume of 432 pages, it contains both an author and a subject index.

V

Planetary Democracy, by Oliver L. Reiser and Blodwen Davies, is described as *An Introduction to Scientific Humanism and Applied Semantics*. Stripped of its verbiage, the doctrine is quite simple. It could seem novel only to a very uninstructed person, and convincing only to a very uncritical one. The cosmos is an evolving order. Late in time it produced man, whose peculiar mark is his ability to recognize this evolving order and his own relation to it, and to know himself as the union of body and "soul." Religion, which is essential to his well-being, is the invention of the "soul" and consists in the worship of the "As-Yet-Unknown." It is based on intuition, but is verified by experience and is perfectly conformable to reason. Unlike other forms of humanism, "scientific humanism" does not oppose the "human" to the "natural": the "human" has the whole force and sanction of nature behind it. Nor does "scientific humanism" set religion and science at odds: science is the ally of true religion and of mysticism, and is opposed only to dogmas, the relics of an earlier and less perfect stage in man's religious development. Morality consists in an effort to realize in action man's highest intuitions and ideals, to establish in the life of the individual and of society that order and harmony which are the notes of the cosmos. To do this it is necessary to clear away obsolete and obstructive meanings and give things their right names: hence the importance of "semantics" as an instrumental study. In terms of the present and the future, democracy is the ideal society, the embodiment in the life of man of the order and harmony of the cosmos. Thus democracy, if rightly conceived, has behind it the whole sanction of nature and the cosmic order: it is not merely global, but planetary. We may give the authors credit for their good intentions. But the argument is a tissue of unverified and unverifiable assumptions, such as the equation of evolution with progress and the assignment of religion to the realm of the unknowable or at least the unknown. It ignores the most elementary distinctions and all uncomfortable facts. To call the doctrine "scientific" is a ridiculous misapplication of terms: "naturalistic" it is, "scientific" it

certainly is not. The looseness of the book's language is matched by an equal looseness in the composition of the whole. And to looseness is added intolerable pretentiousness.

A useful antidote to such easy liberalism is supplied by Mr. Arnold Nash's *The University and the Modern World*. One may disagree with his doctrine, but one cannot doubt that his volume is the product of much reading and thinking and an acute realization of the predicament of our age. The modern university, he holds, has adopted the aims and methods of natural science and sought to apply them in areas where they are either inapplicable or insufficient. It has been content to record and, where it could, to explain. It has made a fetish of impartiality. It has avoided all judgments of value and refused to commit itself to the principles necessary for the integration of individual or social life. The result has been not only the spectre of futility that haunts our educational systems, but the creation of a vacuum into which have rushed such inadequate, uncritical, and malignant principles as the fascist's and the communist's. Nothing, says Mr. Nash, can rescue education, and with it the modern world, but the reassertion of a sound principle of integration, which he finds in Christianity. With much that he writes about the modern world many people, and those not the least thoughtful, will be disposed to agree. But they will reflect that university education is not co-terminous with life or even with thought, and they will recoil from his assertion that the university instructor must make himself responsible for "the creation and teaching of a unified and coherent philosophy," by which he means not a philosophy of investigation (not teaching people *how* to think), but a philosophy of life (teaching them *what* to think): this responsibility, they will feel, lies wholly outside the instructor's province and can be assumed by him only at the gravest risk to the whole educational process. So far as Christianity is concerned, is it not to confound the office of the university with the office of the Church? In a university every type of thought should receive sound historical study and scrupulously fair exposition. And if this standard were rigorously adhered to, it surely does not require undue optimism to believe that the Christian principle, with its sense of fact and its sense of the ideal, would hold its own against any other. But when this is said, one must pay tribute to the learning and suggestiveness of Mr. Nash's presentation of his case, to his recognition of the more obvious dangers which his plan involves, and his honest determination to guard against them.

Professor W. S. McCullough has supplied the two brief notices which follow.

"*The Relevance of the Prophets* is a praiseworthy study of Hebrew prophecy by R. B. Y. Scott. While the author states in his preface that 'there is little, if anything, in what follows, which will be new to Old Testament scholars and teachers,' he has contrived to produce a fresh treatment of a subject on which in recent years there has been considerable

writing. After the necessary introductory material (in which the contents of chapters III and IV might have been rearranged as a single chapter), he comes to grips with his theme, Hebrew prophecy from the eighth to the sixth centuries B.C. Here he resists the temptation to furnish a manual for bible students, wherein is chronicled the life and message of each of the Hebrew seers. He chooses, rather, the more difficult task of presenting these men synoptically and of indicating their significance as a group. To do so he employs such chapter headings as 'The Prophetic Word,' 'The Theology of the Prophets,' and 'The Prophets and the Social Order.' His concluding chapter outlines the relevance of the prophets for the life of today. Behind the whole book there lies the conviction that 'in the prophets themselves is found the clearest expression of what is distinctive and creative throughout the religious experience and tradition of Israel.' "

"In turning to *The Significance of the Cross*, by F. W. Dillistone, it must be observed that the Pauline phrase 'the redemption that is Christ Jesus' is fully elucidated neither in the New Testament nor in the early creeds of the Church. Hence Christian theologians, from Irenaeus on, have exercised some freedom in the discussion of the Atonement, although none of the various theories proposed has ever attained universal recognition. A convenient summary of this branch of theological thought is found in H. Rashdall's *The Idea of Atonement in Christian Theology* (1919). When, therefore, the Professor of Systematic Theology in Wycliffe College, Toronto, addresses himself to this ancient subject, he is doing something that is very appropriate to his profession. The first half of his book is a survey of the place of the Cross in the New Testament, the second half is practical and homiletic and seems to have arisen out of a series of lectures to groups of Anglican clergy on 'Preaching the Atonement.' The author is informed, but he calls for no radical change in religious thought. He walks in the company of James Denney rather than that of Rashdall or even of C. H. Dodd. But his work is an honest attempt, within the orbit of the accepted doctrines of the Church, to deal anew with a familiar theme, and those who can assume his premises will find it good reading."

In *A People's Heritage*, the Rev. F. D. Coggan provides an attractive and useful popular aid to the reading of the English Bible, with chapters on the Bible as a whole and the New Testament, and a more extended treatment of St. Paul. The sense of a national heritage is not only the point of departure in Rabbi Harry Joshua Stern's *The Jewish Spirit Triumphant*, but pervades the sermons and other addresses that make up the book. Bishop Renison's *Wednesday Morning* is a selection of his brief devotional and inspirational articles, reprinted from the Toronto *Globe and Mail*. Taken as a whole, they are marked by admirable lucidity, by freshness, and by a variety of apt illustrations.

Of writings on the Fine Arts Mr. Donald Buchanan has, as usual, furnished us with a criticism.

"Publications on the fine arts were meagre. The only contribution worth noting at length was the small booklet *The Group of Seven*, by Thoreau MacDonald. While it presents no new facts, it at least provides a simple and honest account of the history of this Canadian art movement. Thoreau MacDonald has, moreover, the advantage of possessing direct knowledge of that of which he writes, since his father, the late J. E. H. MacDonald, was one of the leading figures in the Group. One wonders, however, if too much emphasis has not been given to the attacks levelled against the Group by the newspaper critics of Toronto. Those writers were not art critics; they were usually merely routine reporters who, by some mysterious process known only to city editors, had been assigned to the job of covering art exhibitions. There were, of course, some with more specious dignity, like Mr. Hector Charlesworth, but the Group had sense enough to retaliate in kind as far as he was concerned; finding a large bog in the north, they named it 'Charlesworth Swamp.' The work of all members of the Group is illustrated except that of L. L. FitzGerald of Winnipeg. Why this omission? There is only one colour plate; the others are in black and white.

"The book *Canadian Landscape*, with its copious illustrations in colour of the work of F. H. Brigden, a water colourist of the strictly naturalist tradition, will not cause much excitement. It will only interest those who like unrelenting placidity in their art. The best parts of the book are Brigden's unpretentious line drawings of Ontario farm and village scenes, which he did years ago when he was a member of the Toronto Art League, that is, before 1904.

"The national journal *Canadian Art* (editors, Robert Ayre and Donald W. Buchanan) is now well established, thanks to the support of art societies and galleries across the Dominion. Its October-November issue gave a chronicle of the growing movement in Canada towards the establishment of community art centres."

The one work of literary scholarship to appear in 1944 was *Keats and the Victorians*, by George H. Ford, a study of the poet's reputation and influence from his death to the year 1895. It thus stops short of the interesting developments in Keats criticism in our own century, a subject with which, however, Mr. Ford is thoroughly acquainted and on which, as his remarks about Keats show, he takes a moderate and sensible position. After a preliminary view of the neglect and misapprehension of Keats's work and character between 1821 and 1840, he centres his attention on the chief poet-critics who pronounced upon Keats or responded to his influence, Tennyson, Arnold, Rossetti, Morris, Swinburne, paying relatively little attention to minor writers and making no effort to document Keats's rise to fame by reference to printings, including appearances in anthologies, or to critical notices. In this procedure there is both gain and loss. The gain is that each of the parts becomes a study of the poet under examination in comparison with Keats, and in estimating their respective qualities Mr. Ford shows some sensitiveness. The loss is that the evolution of Keats's

actual reputation and influence is in some degree obscured. The book, which appears in the Yale Studies in English, is a doctoral dissertation, printed in the form in which it was submitted. It is a good specimen of its kind, and the subject, originally assigned to Mr. Ford in the Graduate School of Toronto, is conceived in a more liberal spirit than is sometimes found. But it would probably have been strengthened by being completely recast, with more attention to the wide background of changing principles in poetry and criticism through seventy-five years, which is merely glanced at as occasion serves in dealing with the individual poet-critics; and the writing too evidently stands in need of large improvement, even when generous allowance is made for the author's inability, on account of his military duties, to see his book through the press. To take an example, he writes (p. 66; italics ours): "At the time when he turned his hand to his essay on Keats, the enlightened sections of the Victorian reading public *were not suffering, on the whole, from any misapprehensiveness to the Keatsian in poetry*, and, as was his manner, Matthew Arnold therefore *directed the greatest part of his attention in other directions*." There is too much of this kind of writing in the book, which suggests a very dangerous absence of self-criticism. It is our sense of Mr. Ford's scholarship, and his gifts as a critic and an historian of letters, that prompts us to call this fact to his attention.

CHECK-LIST OF TITLES

Anderson (Violet) ed., Canada and the world tomorrow: addresses given at the Canadian Institute on Public Affairs, August 19 to 26 (Toronto, Ryerson, xiv, 159 pp., $1.25). **Argall (Phyllis)**, My life with the enemy (New York, Macmillan, x, 290 pp., $3.50). **Bateson (Nora)**, Rural Canada needs libraries (Canadian Library Council, c/o National Research Council Library, Ottawa, 10 pp.). **Behind the headlines**, published jointly by the Canadian Institute of International Affairs and the Canadian Association for Adult Education (Toronto, Associated Printers, 10c. each): vol. IV, no. 1, Canada's air future (36 pp.); no. 2, A greater Canada among the nations, by LIONEL GELBER (18 pp.); no. 3, The B.N.A. Act and nationhood, by R. M. FOWLER (24 pp.); no. 4, Whither the Near East?, by R. M. SAUNDERS (28 pp.); no. 5, Commonwealth, pattern for peace?, by R. G. TROTTER (40 pp.); no. 6, New schools for democracy, by C. E. PHILLIPS (24 pp.); no. 7, The world is our oyster, by K. R. WILSON (28 pp.). **Bishop (W. A.)**, Winged peace (Toronto, Macmillan, xiv, 176 pp., $3.50). **Bracken (John)**, John Bracken says (Toronto, Oxford University Press, vi, 134 pp., 35c.). **Brigden (F. H.)**, Canadian landscape as pictured by F. H. Brigden, R.C.A., O.S.A.; biographical notes by J. E. MIDDLETON (Toronto, Ryerson, 111 pp., $5.00). **Buckley (Joan)**, The technique of poetry: hints on verse-writing (Langley Prairie, B.C., The author, "Esperanza," 63 pp.). **Burgoyne (R. G.)**, Some tragic defects in our Canadian court and prison systems (Montreal, Gazette Printing Co., 50 pp., 50c.). **Canada, Dominion Bureau of Statistics**, The Canada year book, 1943-4: official statistical annual of the resources, history, institutions, and social and economic conditions of the Dominion (Ottawa, King's Printer, lvi, 1094 pp., $2.00). **Canada, Public Archives of**, Report of the Public Archives for the year 1943, by GUSTAVE LANCTOT (Ottawa, King's Printer, xxxvi, 186 pp., 50c.). **Canada, Wartime Information Board**, Canada at war series, nos. 32-42; Canadian affairs pamphlets (20 pp. each): vol. I, no. 1, War-changed Canada, by G. W. MCCRACKEN; no. 2, Future for fighters, by E. A. CORBETT; no. 3, The new north,

by TREVOR LLOYD; no. 4, Canada as a Pacific power, by A. R. M. LOWER; no. 5, Canada—world trader, by F. A. KNOX; no. 6, Canada and the post-war world, by L. B. PEARSON; no. 7, People on the land, by FRANK SHEFRIN and J. COKE; no. 8, Canada's constitution, by I. N. SMITH; no. 9, Price controls for victory, by J. F. PARKINSON; no. 10, Our Latin-American neighbors, by ALLAN ANDERSON; no. 11, A film policy for Canada, by JOHN GRIERSON; no. 12, Canada and the U.S.S.R., by VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON and MALCOLM ROSS; no. 13, Wealth in wood, by KIM BEATTIE and MORTON FREEMAN; no. 14, Prairie Provinces, by V. C. FOWKE; no. 15, Power for prosperity, by DAVID CASS-BEGGS; no. 16, Ontario, by D. G. CREIGHTON and HELEN MARSH; no. 17, Canada and UNRRA, by MURRAY TEVLIN; no. 18, Will there be jobs?, by L. C. MARSH and O. J. FIRESTONE; no. 19, The Maritimes, by RUTH and GEORGE HAYTHORNE; no. 20, Skyways of the future, by WALLACE WARD; no. 21, Canada plans security, by G. F. DAVIDSON; no. 22, Art—Canadians, for the use of, by BARKER FAIRLEY; no. 23, Quebec, by B. BROUILLETTE and R. TESSIER. **Canada and Newfoundland Education Association**, Trends in education, 1944: a survey of current educational developments in the nine provinces of Canada and in Newfoundland (Toronto, The Association, 58 pp.). **Canadian Chamber of Commerce**, Kitchener-Waterloo survey: a fact-finding survey for post-war planning: part I—The findings; part II—The procedure (Montreal, Canadian Chamber of Commerce, vi, 47 pp.; vi, 46 pp.). **Canadian Historical Review**, Index, volumes XI-XX, 1930-1939; compiled by the Editorial Department of the University of Toronto Press (Toronto, University of Toronto Press, vi, 432 pp., $4.00 paper, $5.00 cloth). **Carr (Emily)**, The house of all sorts (London, Toronto, Oxford University Press, 222 pp., $3.00). **Carr (W. G.)**, Checkmate in the north: the Axis planned to invade America (Toronto, Macmillan, viii, 304 pp., $3.50). **Cekota (A.)**, The battle of home: some problems of industrial community; illustrated by JOSEPH LENHARD (Toronto, Macmillan, xiv, 373 pp., $3.00). **Chambers (R. W.)**, Halifax in wartime: a collection of drawings (Halifax, Halifax *Herald* and Halifax *Mail*, 1943, 12 pictures, 25c.). **Claxton (Brooke)** and others, World relief and rehabilitation: a radio discussion (Chicago, University of Chicago Round Table, 26 pp., 10c.). **Clokie (H. McD.)**, Canadian government and politics (Toronto, Longmans Green, viii, 352 pp., $3.00). **Coggan (F. D.)**, A people's heritage; with a foreword by the Most Rev. D. T. OWEN (Toronto, Church of England in Canada, Church House, viii, 120 pp., 60c.). **Cohen (Harry)**, A panorama of prejudice (New York, Bloch Publishing Co.; Montreal, Harry Cohen, K.C., 614 St. James St. W., Montreal, 150 pp.). **Cohn (Martin)** and **Wallace (Elisabeth)**, Some problems of administration in social work (Toronto, University of Toronto Press, viii, 47 pp., 80c.). **Coldwell (M. J.)**, Canadian progressives on the march: the story of the rise of the C.C.F. (League for Industrial Democracy, pamphlet series; New York, L.I.D., 112 East 19th St., 32 pp., 15c.). **Contemporary affairs series**, no. 19, published under the auspices of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs (Toronto, Ryerson): Immigration policies, Canadian and American, by "VERAX" and BRUNO LASKER (vi, 49 pp., 35c.). **Coulter (John)**, Churchill (Toronto, Ryerson, xii, 133 pp., $1.50); Deirdre of the sorrows: an ancient and noble tale retold for music by HEALEY WILLAN (Toronto, Macmillan, xii, 72 pp., $1.25). **Creighton (D. G.)**, Dominion of the north: a history of Canada (Boston, Houghton Mifflin, viii, 535 pp., $4.50). **Davies (R. A.)**, Arctic eldorado: a dramatic report on Canada's northland—the greatest unexploited region in the world—with a workable four year plan (Toronto, Ryerson, xiv, 97 pp., $1.00); Canada and Russia, neighbours and friends (Toronto, Progress Books, 111 pp., 75c.). **De la Roche (Mazo)**, Quebec: historic seaport (Garden City, New York, Doubleday, Doran, xii, 212 pp., $4.00). **Denison (Merrill)**, Canada: our Dominion neighbor (Headline series, no. 46; New York, Foreign Policy Association, 96 pp., 25c.). **Dexter (Grant)**, Canada and the building of peace (Toronto, Canadian Institute of International Affairs; Associated Printers, 176 pp., $1.00). **Dillistone (F. W.)**, The significance of the cross (Philadelphia, Westminster Press; Toronto, Ambassador Books, 247 pp., $3.00). **Duncan (Dorothy)**, Partner in three worlds (New York and London, Harper and Brothers; Toronto, Collins, xii, 340 pp.,

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